

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 496.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

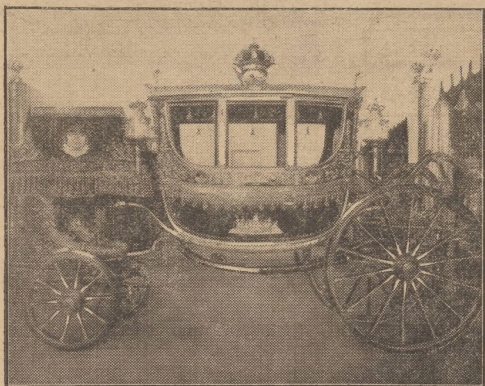
MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

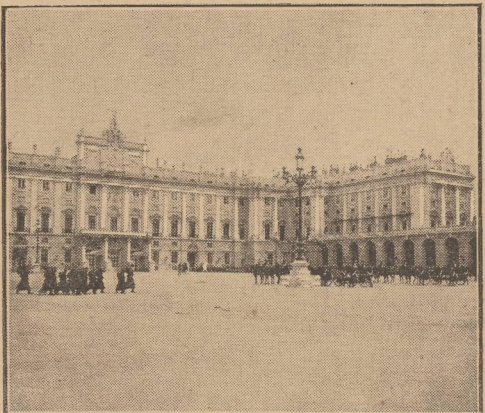
OUR ROYAL GUEST: KING ALFONSO ARRIVES IN ENGLAND TO-DAY.



Some members of the personal bodyguard of the King of Spain in full-dress and undress uniforms. Great state is maintained at the Spanish Court, and the royal household is a very large one.



King Alfonso's state coach, which is only used on the most important of ceremonial occasions. It is a marvel of delicate moulding and gilding.



The royal Palace in Madrid, one of the many magnificent residences of the King of Spain. King Alfonso will be able to compare its splendours with those of Buckingham Palace, where he will stay while in London.



The latest and best portrait of his Majesty King Alfonso of Spain, who arrives in England to-day, on a visit to the King, extending until Saturday. King Alfonso, who was born a King, is just nineteen years of age.

DECORATING THE STREETS FOR THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT.



Getting ready for King Alfonso's visit to London. Preparations for erecting Venetian masts and other decorations in Waterloo-place.

KING ALFONSO ARRIVES TO-DAY.

London Prepares To Greet
Spain's Youthful Monarch.

A NAVAL WELCOME.

To Be Met by King Edward at
Victoria Station at 4.30 p.m.

To-day King Alfonso of Spain arrives in England.

His visit will be marked by all the pomp and ceremony with which a king may be greeted. He will be welcomed by the thunder of guns from a great fleet assembled at Spithead to do him honour. The Prince of Wales will welcome him when he arrives at Portsmouth, and the King will meet him at Victoria Station, and the Queen will receive him on his arrival at Buckingham Palace.

Those who wish to see the Spanish King in London should make a note of these times:—

Arrival at Victoria Station	4.30
Leave Victoria (about)	4.35
At Hyde Park Corner	4.40
At St. James's-street	4.50
At Marlborough Gate	4.55
Buckingham Palace	5. 0

TO-DAY'S GRAND RECEPTION.

King Alfonso's Welcome by King Edward and the Prince of Wales.

All preparations have been made for the reception of King Alfonso, and when he arrives in Eng-

land this afternoon he will be welcomed in magnificent fashion.

There will also be present at the station the First Lord of the Treasury, the Foreign Secretary, and the Home Secretary.

WHERE TO SEE KING ALFONSO.

At Victoria King Alfonso will enter the state carriage with the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught, and, followed by his suite and a number of the English nobility driving in other carriages, escorted by the Life Guards, he will drive through Grosvenor-gardens, Grosvenor-place, Hyde Park Corner, St. James's-street, Marlborough Gate, and the Mall to Buckingham Palace. The route will be lined by troops.

At Buckingham Palace the King of Spain will be received by Queen Alexandra, accompanied by members of the Royal Family and all the dignitaries of the Palace.

After being conducted to the state apartments prepared for his reception, he will pay visits to members of the Royal Family. Then in the evening there will be a full-dress family dinner.

YOUNG KING'S BUSY WEEK.

Programme of Brilliant Functions for the Royal Visitor.

It is as well that King Alfonso is young and energetic, or he might shrink from the number of brilliant ceremonies arranged in his honour. Fortunately he is said to rejoice in them.

On Tuesday he will receive the Diplomatic Corps at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards pay a private visit to the Westminster Cathedral.

Then he will lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, pay visits to the Royal Family, hold a reception at the Spanish Embassy, and attend the state banquet at Buckingham Palace.

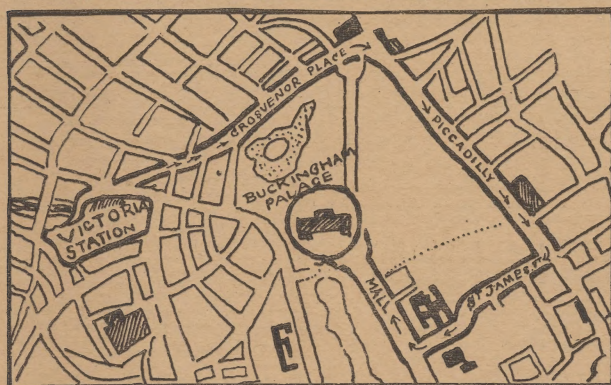
On Wednesday at 12.15 he will drive to the Guildhall in state, travelling through Pall Mall, Regent-street, Oxford-street, and Newgate-street, and Cheapside. After luncheon, at which he will probably make a speech in English, he will visit the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, and in the evening he will dine with the Marquis of Lansdowne, going on from there to a party at Londonderry House.

On Thursday comes the review at Aldershot and the grand gala performance at the opera.

On Friday there will be a visit to Windsor, a dinner given by the Prince of Wales at Marl-

borough house, and a state ball, and on Saturday his Majesty leaves England.

KING ALFONSO'S ROUTE THROUGH LONDON.



The route by which King Alfonso and his host, King Edward, will drive from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace is clearly shown by the above map. The streets to be traversed by the royal procession are indicated by a doubly thick outline.

land this afternoon he will be welcomed in magnificent fashion.

The youthful monarch embarks at Cherbourg on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert at 8.30 this morning, and will cross the Channel escorted by four great armoured cruisers—the Donegal, the Monmouth, the Bedford, and the Kent—and two torpedo-boat destroyers, the Tiger and the Recruit. As this squadron nears the Isle of Wight, it will be met by a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers, which will escort it into Portsmouth.

SALUTES FROM THE FLEET.

At Spithead a magnificent fleet, consisting of eleven battleships and seven cruisers, under the command of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, will welcome the Spanish boy King by firing the royal salutes and dressing and manning the ships. The forts will also join in the salute, and all the bands in the harbour will then play the Spanish National Anthem.

When the royal yacht comes to the landing-stage, which it is expected to do about 1.30, King Alfonso will receive on board the Prince of Wales, who will leave London for the purpose this morning, accompanied by the Earls of Denby and Kerry. Accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the young King will enter the royal train at 2.30, to reach Victoria Station at 4.30. Here he will be welcomed

by King Edward, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Fife.

There will also be present at the station the First Lord of the Treasury, the Foreign Secretary, and the Home Secretary.

ROMANCE OF THE ROYAL VISIT

It is generally believed that King Alfonso has an interest in coming to England beyond the paying of international courtesies.

The young King's admiration for Princess Victoria Patricia, the second daughter of the Duke of Connaught, lends a romantic character to his visit. He has never seen the Princess, but some months ago, upon seeing her photograph, he expressed the greatest interest in the original, and ever since then he is said to have carried a photograph of the Princess in his breast pocket.

The King, it is well known, holds the Duke of Connaught in the greatest esteem. It is possible that the young Spanish King's visit may lead to his becoming allied to great Britain by other than political bonds.

The Princess will be present at the reception which is to be given to the King at the Guildhall, and the Spanish monarch will, of course, have an opportunity of conversing with the lady whose photograph he so admires when he lunches with the Duke to-morrow.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

President Roosevelt's Important
Conference with Russian
Ambassador.

FUGITIVE WARSHIPS.

Three Russian Cruisers Arrive with Admiral
Enkvist at Manila.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—In the course of his conference with Count Cassini yesterday, President Roosevelt assured him of his sympathy. He said that in expressing the hope that peace would be concluded in the Far East he did not only voice his own sentiments and those of his Government, but he believed that they were held by all the Powers.

The Ambassador was deeply touched by the sincere cordiality of his reception and the President's frank and friendly manner. His Excellency, among other things, pointed out that if Japan's terms were in any way as severe as reported Russia would, with advantage, continue the war for an indefinite period, eventually winning on land.

Later on the Russian Ambassador began to draw up a long dispatch to his Government, communicating President Roosevelt's views, and his desire to be of service to Russia in the present crisis. As soon as a reply has been received from his Government the Count will have another conference with President Roosevelt.—Reuter.

TERMS OF PEACE.

Japan Said To Demand a £160,000,000 Indemnity with Other Concessions.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" publishes a telegram from Washington which states that Japan will demand as terms of peace:—

- (1) An indemnity of £160,000,000.
- (2) Sovereignty of Korea which they will fortify.
- (3) The evacuation of Manchuria and the abandonment of Port Arthur.
- (4) Vladivostok to become a neutral port.
- (5) International control of the Trans-Manchurian Railway.—Exchange.

BATTLE IMPENDING.

Japanese Advancing All Along the Line in
Irresistible Force.

PARIS, Saturday.—Dispatches from the front, telegraphs the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien," state that the Japanese are advancing all along the line, prudently, but in irresistible force.

PARIS, Saturday.—A telegram to the "Petit Journal" from St. Petersburg of yesterday's date says:—"The Japanese offensive, which had been foreshadowed by the partial movements carried out for some days past along the whole front, will, it is believed, be begun in earnest to-day."—Reuter.

THREE CRUISERS ESCAPE.

MANILA, Saturday.—Rear-Admiral Enkvist arrived in the Bay this evening on board his flagship Aurora, accompanied by the cruisers Oleg and Jemchug.

All the vessels are more or less damaged. There are many wounded on board. Rear-Admiral Train was manoeuvring with the Ohio, Wisconsin, Oregon, Raleigh, and Cincinnati outside Corregidor Island, when the Aurora saluted the squadron with thirteen guns.

The flagship Ohio answered. Rear-Admiral Train and the squadron accompanied the Russians to Manila.—Reuter.

NEWS OF THE OLDHAMIA.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs received on Saturday the following telegram from H.M. Minister at Tokio respecting the steamship Oldhamia:—"Captain and three men of Oldhamia were captured on board Russian hospital ship and released yesterday. Now at Consulate Nagasaki. Twenty-nine of crew put on board Russian transport which left Baltic Fleet May 25. Oldhamia left fleet May 21 and steamed east under escort of cruiser. Full particulars later."

TO EXECUTE ROJESTVENSKY.

When the Biedovy, with Admiral Rojestvensky on board, was captured, says Reuter, an armed guard was sent on board to receive her surrender. The Russians requested the Japanese not to remove Admiral Rojestvensky and the others on account of their wounds.

The Japanese complied with this request, and took the Biedovy in tow, making the stipulation that in the event of the delay resulting in a meeting with Russian ships and a possible recapture of the Russian Admiral, the guard should at once execute him.

Eventually the captors fell in with the Asahi, which conveyed her to Sasebo.

EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Duchess Cecillie's Triumphant Entry
Into Berlin.

BRIDAL GARTERS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Sunday.—Berlin is the gayest city and her citizens the happiest people in the world to-day; for a royal bridegroom and his royal bride—the German Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecillie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—are in the capital.

Their marriage takes place on Tuesday, and for a whole week there will be sounds of revelry in Berlin.

The Duchess Cecillie made her state entry yesterday under the sunniest skies. Her reception was of the most cordial and enthusiastic character.

An hour before the splendid procession passed, the Crown Prince, on horseback, in accordance with custom, led his company of foot guards down Unter den Linden to the Castle. The spectators cheered frantically, and the future Kaiser saluted them with his sword.

Great is the demand for seats along the line of route of Tuesday's wedding procession, prices, though high, are not so extravagant as reported in the foreign Press.

For, although it is true that months ago speculators were eagerly buying up every available vantage point, with the object of selling them later at greatly enhanced prices, the municipal authorities of Berlin have now issued a decree declaring this traffic to be illegal.

Their aim is, of course, to ensure that all classes of the community may have an opportunity of acclaiming the bridal pair on their way to the cathedral.

TORCHLIGHTS AND GARTERS.

A tremendous trade is being done by street-hawkers in tiny boxes of wax candles, sold as exact models of the "torches" used in the grotesque and ancient Fackeltanz or torchlight dance, which forms so important a part in the pre-nuptial celebrations.

There is, if possible, a still greater demand for the "strumpbände," or garters—tiny strips of dainty velvet, embroidered with a coronet, the monograms of the bride and bridegroom, and the date of the royal marriage, which are being bought in thousands by the crowds of sightseers with which Berlin is now packed.

Like so much of the bride's trousseau, these garter-mementoes of the joyous occasion come, strangely enough, from Paris.

Each is enclosed in a delicate wrapper of tissue paper, on which it is stated that the little souvenir is "an exact fac-simile of a garter which the Duchess Cecillie left behind at her hotel at Cannes."

But this distribution of the "strumpbände" is due to no chance circumstance. It is a relic of a mediaeval custom of the Prussian Court. For hundreds of years youthful brides of the reigning House have, on the eve of their wedding, distributed portions of their garters among their kinsmen, who tied the precious token to their sword-belts as a sign that the pre-nuptial festivities were at an end.

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT."

Never before, probably, was there such a large English-speaking population in Berlin as there is at the present time. English and Americans are to the undiscriminating Berliner all Engländer, and it is an amusing commentary upon the prevailing tendency among Englishmen to employ a few well-worn monosyllabic expressions to denote satisfaction, that in all directions one hears the gamins of the German capital exclaiming "Alright, alright."

Hundreds of sightseers are visiting the railway station to inspect the special train-de-luxe in which the Duchess Cecillie travelled to Berlin. The train is painted a rich Prussian blue, picked out artistically in gold; and one of the carriages, which was fitted up as a conservatory on wheels, is still loaded with beautiful sweet-smelling hot-house blooms.

Some curious stories are current here, not the least strange of which is that Court Chaplain Drysdar, who will perform the wedding ceremony, received last week by registered post an ill-spelt, typewritten letter in the French language warning him that on Tuesday next an attempt would be made on the life of the Crown Prince by three Italians, who had already entered Germany. The letter bore the Hamburg postmark, and is regarded as silly and unworthy of notice.

EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS.

A message from Tokio states that at Hiroshima and Ujina six persons were killed and seventy-nine wounded by the recent earthquake.

As a result of the earthquake in the Scutari district, the town of Scutari, Albania, is in ruins, and its destruction is complete.

So far 102 people are known to have been killed and 250 injured.

Nearly 500 Indians and about fifty Europeans have perished in the wrecking of the Durban reservoir, far more than at first supposed.

CLIMAX OF A BRILLIANT SEASON.

Next Fortnight To Witness Many
Society Entertainments.

WEDDINGS GALORE.

London enters to-day upon a fortnight which can only be compared for splendour and brilliancy with the week which saw King Edward crowned.

The visit of King Alfonso of Spain and the marriage of Prince Gustav Adolphus of Sweden to Princess Margaret of Connaught to-morrow week will be central and historical events around which cluster Court pageants, ceremonies, and fetes in bewildering number.

Their Majesties' engagements are almost innumerable.

At noon to-day the King will hold a Court at Buckingham Palace for the formal reception of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, as American Ambassador. Levee dress will be worn, and the Ambassador will be conveyed to and from the Palace in a state carriage.

And in the cause of charity Society is this week making strenuous exertions.

Stafford House will be the scene, this afternoon, of a brilliant gathering at the Duchess of Sutherland's entertainment in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild.

Princess Christian opens and presides to-day at the sale at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

To-night the King will give a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace; while, at the Hotel Cecil, one of the balls of the year—the Caledonian—takes place.

Scottish National Dances.

This will be a magnificent affair. The Duchess of Sutherland has undertaken the reel, and the Countess of Crawford is arranging the quadrille, which will be danced by young ladies of Scottish birth and ancestry, in frocks of white glacé silk, with clusters of pink or mauve rosebuds scattered over the glistening surface.

And to-day the Duchess of Portland opens the "Noah's Ark" Bazaar in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League.

To-morrow begins with a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park.

At Hyde Park House, in the afternoon, the Duchess of Connaught will attend the Exhibition and Sale of Welsh Industries, where Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein is to preside at the Anglessey stall.

In the evening there will be the state banquet in honour of the King of Spain.

The Opera will be brilliantly attended throughout the week, Thursday being the date fixed for a gala night.

Great State Ball.

The state ball on Friday evening will be exclusively royal, diplomatic, and official. There are to be about two thousand guests, the invitations being issued by the Lord Chamberlain from lists sanctioned by his Majesty.

Of this week's forty-six society weddings, the two military ceremonies to-morrow in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, are extremely interesting.

Major Lord Loch, D.S.O., who was at the fall of Khartum, will have a big muster of the Grenadiers with their band, besides many distinguished military guests, at his wedding to Lady Margaret, only daughter of the Marquis of Northampton.

In the afternoon Captain A. H. Roys, of the Scots Guards, will be married to Miss Adeline Buxton Drummond.

SKIPPER IN SKIRTS.

Pretty American Girl Becomes Licensed
Master of Her Father's Sloop.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Captain Maude Jensen, one of the prettiest girls in South Brooklyn, has just been given a full navigation licence, and sails her father's sloop Major in and about New York Harbour as well as anyone could.

The United States Steamboat Inspection Service were dumfounded when she applied for a master's certificate, owing to her father's prolonged ill-health, but eventually, after examination, granted it.

And now, in blouse and skirts, her sun-browned hair flying about her face, she stands at the helm and guides her vessel daintily through some of the most tortuous channels in the world.

£2,000,000 COMBINE.

Twenty-four collieries were represented at a further meeting to discuss the proposed Anthracite Combine, held at Swansea on Saturday.

Those present at the gathering were constituted an executive committee to endeavour to bring about the realisation of the scheme.

The proposed capital of the combine is put down at £2,000,000, and it was stated that 50 per cent. of the necessary sum would be guaranteed.

LEICESTER MEN'S TRAMP.

Over Five Hundred Out-of-Works Start
for London Yesterday.

Over five hundred of Leicester's unemployed started from the market place of that town at 12.20 yesterday afternoon on their march to London. All Leicester turned out to bid the men farewell.

Previous to the start several sympathisers came forward with offers of assistance. A Mr. Mack, a Nottingham manufacturer, offered 1,400 pairs of socks, while another friend gave 400 tablets of soap to the marchers. The men were played out of the town by two bands, and great pleasure was expressed when it was announced that the Rev. F. L. Donaldson would accompany the men to London.

The journey yesterday was by way of the villages of Oadby and Glenn to Market Harborough, a distance of fifteen miles. The leaders are Mr. Amos Sheriff and Mr. George White, the secretary, who is a cripple. Last night the men were entertained to tea by various sympathisers, and slept among the straw in the centre of the Cattle Market.

Each man's kit consists of an Army water-bottle, a blanket, and a label bearing his number. It is expected that the men will receive hospitality from the Labour associations of each town. The route is through Market Harborough, Northampton, Bedford, Luton, and St. Albans.

THE KING'S OLDEST SUBJECT.

His Majesty's Birthday Gift to an Irish-
man of 117.

Mr. William Fletcher Pomeroy, co. Tyrone, has received the following letter from King Edward on the celebration of his 117th birthday:—

Sir,—I am commanded by the King to say his Majesty has heard with much interest that you have reached the great age of 117 years. The King sends you the accompanying box as a small personal present from himself, together with the hope you will continue to have the same good health which his Majesty is pleased to hear you still enjoy.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, ARTHUR DAVIDSON.

The present takes the form of a gold snuffbox, embossed on the lid with portraits of the King and Queen.

£2,000,000 WANTED.

London Hospitals Crying Out for Contribution
from the Charitable.

These are the sums for which some of the London hospitals are asking the public this year:—

St. Bartholomew's	£200,000
St. George's	320,000
King's College	300,000
St. Thomas's	160,000
Mount Vernon for Consumptives	100,000
St. Mary's	60,000
	£1,410,000

Then there are dozens of appeals for sums ranging from £5,000 to £25,000, raising the total, for London hospitals alone, to considerably over £2,000,000.

Besides, the following are countless appeals by orphanages, lunatic asylums, and hospitals outside of London.

What is the money wanted for? First, to meet working expenses; secondly, to relieve debts on the institutions; thirdly, for special purposes, such as rebuilding.

Private munificence is, in fact, inadequate to cope with the enormous demands made upon it. In 1903 a dozen hospitals asked for a million and a half, the sum now sought by half a dozen.

Bazaars and banquets, excellent in intention, are doubtful stand-bys, and at best only provide temporary relief.

NEW OCEAN PERIL.

Electric Contact Mine Reported Floating About
the Pacific.

A new and curious danger to navigation is reported by Lloyd's.

The officers of the schooner Triton, inward bound from the Marshall Islands to San Francisco, report that an electric contact mine was sighted about halfway across the Pacific.

It was floating awash, and long pieces of electric wire were attached to it. Presumably this mine had broken adrift from its moorings at some Russian or Japanese port, and drifted out to sea.

GERMAN SUCCESS IN S.W. AFRICA.

An official dispatch from the German headquarters in South-West Africa states that on May 27 Captain Koggy attacked a strong position on the Lower Fish River, occupied by Cornelius of Belthany.

After several hours' fighting the enemy retreated for the Orange River, having lost eight men killed, twenty-five, fifty head of cattle, and 600 sheep.

RAMMED BY A BATTLESHIP.

Merchantman Sunk at Dover in a
Dense Fog.

18 LIVES LOST.

Three Collisions in Three Hours Makes
Record for the Navy.

The saying of sailors that disasters never come singly was fulfilled during a fog at Dover on Friday night and Saturday morning. Three bad collisions occurred in less than an hour, in all of which vessels of the Channel Fleet played a part, thus establishing a record of mishaps for the Navy.

By one of the collisions eighteen lives were lost, and in another a repetition of the lamentable Victoria and Camperdown disaster was only averted by smart seamanship.

The occasion was the voyage of the Channel Fleet to Portsmouth to receive the King of Spain. The fleet was steaming in line abreast at about ten knots, and also carrying on a sham fight. All lights were out, as they were expecting a torpedo attack, when suddenly the ships ran into a thick fog.

With terrific impact the battleship Triumph rammed her sister ship, the Swiftsure, and came within an ace of sinking her. The Triumph was altering her course, and got across the Swiftsure's bows before the latter saw her.

The Triumph's ram knocked a big hole in the Swiftsure's stern, through which the water poured rapidly. Collision masts were got out and the hole stopped as quickly as possible, but the Swiftsure's stockhold was half full of water, and she still leaks. In addition her boat davits and torpedo bows were smashed.

Happily none of the crew was injured.

Sunk in Two Minutes.

Far more serious was the accident which occurred a little later, when the battleship Caesar, leading vessel of her line, ran into and sunk the merchant ship Afghanistan. So thick was the fog that the Caesar did not see the Afghanistan until she was right upon her, and collision could not be averted.

With such force was the Afghanistan struck that she began to sink immediately, and within two minutes had disappeared from sight except for her masts.

Instantly all ships of the fleet lowered their boats and switched on searchlights, but the Afghanistan went down so quickly that there was very little chance of saving life. Her captain, the pilot, and one or two foreign sailors belonging to her crew were picked up; but at least eighteen others were drowned.

The affair happened in such thick fog that no one seems to have very much knowledge of events prior to the actual impact. All agree that the most prompt measures possible were taken to save life.

The fleets did not leave the place until assured that it was useless searching longer, and even then the battleship Hannibal was left behind to continue the search for possible survivors.

Before the fleet had emerged from the fog a buoy got into the line and fouled the battleship, with the result that most of the barque's rigging was carried away.

TROOPSHIP'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Yet another mishap is to be added to this day of disasters.

The Hamburg-American troopship Syrian, 3,500 tons, was struck to the east of Dover by the Rookwood, 1,200 tons, of London.

The water poured into her fore hold on the port side, and she heeled over. Tugs assisted the Syrian into Dover Bay, where she anchored.

Divers were engaged on Saturday in patching a hole below the water line, and she will be taken to Tilbury for repairs.

The Syrian had on board 200 naval men for one of the German stations.

MISSING YACHT SAFE.

The yachts Utowana and Ailsa, which took part in the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup, arrived at Southampton on Saturday.

In sight of each other for the last two days they finished the course only a few miles apart.

The steamer Minnetonka, New York to London, reports having spoken the American yacht Apache 250 miles west of the Lizard at 7 a.m. yesterday. Fears had been entertained for the Apache's safety.

RAIN BADLY NEEDED.

Pastures are parched and the tender shoots of wheat and barley are dwarfed and wasted for want of rain.

Unless rain falls in good quantities during the next few days English farmers will be face to face with ruin.

GREAT IMPRESARIO.

Death of a Music Director Who Made
Many Great Singers Famous.

The sudden death of Mr. N. Vert, the well-known concert agent, at his Hampstead residence, on Saturday, at the age of sixty, will come as a shock to his many friends in this country and abroad.

Only on Friday Mr. Vert was figuring at Marlborough-street Police Court, where he was summoned for allowing Vivien Chartres, the nine-year-old prodigy, to play at Queen's Hall, and fined £25.

Mr. Narciso Vert, who was a Portuguese by descent, was the oldest and most respected of the concert impresarios in this country.

Indeed he founded the modern business of concert direction. He took over the business of a Mr. Dolby, which was the first agency ever established here.

It was through Mr. Vert that the great Rubinstein gave his recitals in London, and under his auspices the famous violinist, Sarasate, made his name. Mme. Albani is another great artist whose business the dead agent controlled, and Mme. Clara Butt owes much to his work on her behalf. Miss Ada Crossley, Mme. Suzanne Adams, Mme. Alice Esty, Mr. Josef Hofman, and Huberman, are some of the other artists for whom Mr. Vert acted.

One of his latest enterprises, undertaken only a few days ago, was to have been the direction of Mme. Yvette Guilbert's new recitals this season.

ACTOR AND CRITIC.

Sir Henry Irving's Sympathetic Tribute to
Mr. Joseph Knight.

"My own memory of him goes back as far as 1860. I knew very early in my professional life that the good opinion of Joe Knight was a great stimulant to a young actor."

So spoke Sir Henry Irving last night at the Savoy Hotel at the dinner given by the dramatic profession to Mr. Joseph Knight, the well-known critic.

The eminent actor presided over the gathering, which was quite unique in its way, and on his right hand sat the honoured guest, who, as Sir Henry remarked, is writing still with undiminished zest, with undoubted vision, and with that sympathy which enables a critic to appreciate a purpose even when it is unavowed, and when the means at the young player's command are as yet immature.

The stage owes a great debt, said Sir Henry, to a man who writes with a keen eye for the best.

THEATRE "RING'S" INVASION.

London Manager Thinks the Day of Mono-
polist Control Is Not Far Off.

It has been recognised for some time past that an attempt is about to be made by a syndicate of wealthy Americans to obtain control of the principal London theatres.

"It will mean almost a complete revolution in the profession if they succeed," said a prominent manager, "companies will have to suit, not their own convenience, but that of the 'combine'."

"It will not be difficult for unlimited capital to obtain leases of first the smaller and then the larger theatres. A great many are quite ready to change hands, and would be offered with alacrity at the first hint."

"I very much fear that it will not be long before England will be in much the same position as the United States, where Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and Frohman control nearly every theatre in the country."

CRINOLINE SONGSTRESS.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert Thinks London No
Ready for a French Theatre.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, the famous Parisian singer, is appearing at the Haymarket Theatre with great success in a series of "crinoline" songs, illustrating the period, a century ago, when its costume advertisement first became popular.

To the *Daily Mirror* she said that she thought years must elapse before a French repertoire theatre could be run successfully in London. "One cannot judge by the popularity of the occasional French plays produced here," she remarked, "English audiences are too conservative."

"The London audience of to-day is exactly the same as it was twelve years ago, when I first came here. I always know just when to expect laughter or applause."

Mrs. Laycock, whose leg had to be amputated as the result of her injuries in the motor-car accident in Paris, was removed from Dover to London yesterday in a special invalid's carriage. She was looking very ill.

M.P. AND HIS STEPDAUGHTERS.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton to Render and Receive Accounts of Expenditure.

BOTH SIDES IN ERROR.

In giving a judgment on Saturday that, from the legal standpoint, was in favour of the stepdaughters of Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., as against their father-in-law, Mr. Justice Joyce said: "I don't know whether it will do them any good."

The two ladies—Mrs. Elspeth Grahame and Miss Thompson—had asked the Chancery Judge to direct that Mr. Moulton should render an account of how he had disposed of trust incomes, £600 a year to each, left to them by their mother, the late Mrs. Moulton, who died in 1888.

These incomes Mr. Moulton for certain periods received—he says by mutual arrangement—providing the ladies with a home, and paying all their bills in return.

His Lordship ordered an account to be rendered, but at the same time said that there must be another account—that of the moneys which Mr. Moulton spent on his stepdaughters, and also a fair payment to him for the time that the two ladies lived in his house after their mother's death.

Mrs. Grahame, who with her husband, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, of the Bank of England, was in court, did not look at all pleased when the Judge declared he was unable to accept the statement of herself and her sister that they believed Mr. Moulton was housing them gratuitously, and that the only recompense he desired was their help at elections.

"They entertained an exaggerated notion of their services, social and political," said his Lordship.

Acted in Good Faith.

Turning to Mr. Moulton's side of the question, the Judge pointed out that although the K.C. had been liberal, and had acted in good faith, and although his remembrance of what had occurred was more reliable than that of the ladies who had not been quite so candid, yet his own showing he ought to have explained their financial position to them more often and more fully. The matter was one of great moment to them.

Each side was directed to pay its own costs.

It now remains for the lawyers to work out:—
(1) What was due to and from Mrs. Grahame while she was living at Mr. Moulton's house between her mother's death and her own marriage.

(2) What was due to and from Miss Thompson while she was living at Mr. Moulton's house between her mother's death and Mr. Moulton's recent second marriage.

As the Judge hinted, the balances may come out in a manner showing that the ladies did not have the worst of the arrangement to which they have successfully objected.

STEVENSON WINS.

Roberts Fails To Concede 2,000 Start to His Younger Rival.

The great billiard match is over, and Stevenson is the winner by the substantial balance of 1,520 points. He wins the £500 wagered on the actual result, but loses the £200 dependent upon his ability to beat Roberts by more than the 2,000 points start conceded to him. Thus all the honours do not fall to Stevenson.

From the very moment that the articles received the two players' signatures it was recognised that the main interest would centre around Roberts being able to retain his rival's advantage. He was able to do so by 480 points—a number representing his tenure of first place in the world of English billiards.

Throughout Saturday's proceedings, which commenced with the game being called, "16,687 to 15,908!" in Stevenson's favour, the veteran seemed to have resigned himself to defeat.

Stevenson played superbly throughout the day, and included among his breaks a masterly 350. He practically had the table to himself, and he reached the winning total 1,520 points to the good, the last stroke being a losing hazard off the red ball into the right top pocket.

Final score:—Stevenson (rec. 2,000), 18,000; Roberts, 16,480.

CHANNEL CHAMPION'S PRACTICE

Weidman, the Dover long-distance swimmer, is carrying out daily practices in the Channel in preparation for his projected swim from Dover to Calais, which will be made early next month if the weather continues warm.

The Yorkshireman, Burgess, and Reid, the Australian long-distance swimmer, also intend making the attempt this summer. Reid has already arrived in England.

PROPERTY IN INK MARKS.

After Much Legal Hair-Splitting Judge Defers Judgment.

The property in a letter was the subject of a remarkably technical argument in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Walton, on Saturday.

An action was brought by Miss Audrey Thurston, formerly the matron of the Rakes Moor Infectious Diseases Hospital, Barrow-in-Furness, against Mr. John Charles, a member of the corporation of Barrow-in-Furness, and a Justice of the Peace for the borough, to recover damages alleged to have been sustained by reason of Charles having wrongfully retained, used, and published a letter the property of Miss Thurston.

The case for Miss Thurston was that Charles wrongfully obtained possession of a private letter written to her by an alderman of the borough, and published its contents to the mayor, town clerk, and other members of the corporation.

The case was tried at the last Liverpool Assizes before His Lordship and a jury, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff on the claim for the detention and use of the letter, and awarded her £400 damages, but the case was reserved on a question of law.

For Charles, Mr. Horridge submitted that as regarded the claim for detinue or conversion of the letter, there was no evidence of anything but nominal damages. There were two rights connected with a letter—the right to the possession of the piece of paper, and the right to restrain the publication of the letter by the person writing it.

Mr. Horridge argued that Miss Thurston was not entitled to what was written on the paper, and that Charles had not interfered with her property in the piece of paper.

Mr. Justice Walton thought that the ink marks on the piece of paper were part of the document that belonged to the plaintiff, and said he would take time to consider his judgment.

SPLITTING THE VOTES.

Sensational Charges Made Against Social Democrats at Camborne.

A three-cornered fight is promised at the Camborne election owing to the Social Democratic Federation introducing Councillor Jones, of West Ham, as a candidate in opposition to Mr. Strauss, Unionist, and Mr. E. Dunn, Radical.

This action of the federation has greatly disturbed the Liberals, who claim that their Unionist opponents have contrived to split the Radical vote by free use of money.

In proof of this assertion James Lightwood addressed a meeting on Saturday, and stated that he was approached by a Conservative agent to contest the Camborne constituency. He was told that all his expenses would be met by a rich gentleman in Cornwall, who would also remunerate a suitable man handsomely.

SCHOOLBOY AND REVOLVER.

Lad Accidentally Shoots His Friend While Showing Him a Loaded Weapon.

The lax nature of the law with regard to the buying and selling of revolvers was again illustrated in a case that came up at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday.

Robert Lawrence, a lad sixteen years of age, living at 114, Rosendale-road, West Dulwich, was charged with shooting his schoolfellow, Frank Ernest Norton.

He was showing the revolver to his friend, when it went off accidentally, the bullet entering Norton's thigh.

In discharging Lawrence, the magistrate advised him to be more careful in the future.

DR. WARRE'S FAREWELL.

Touching Ceremony Concludes "Glorious Fourth" at Eton.

Without a hitch of any sort, and in glorious weather, the boys of Eton celebrated the "Fourth of June" on Saturday.

An impressive ceremony ended the day's enjoyment. It was Dr. Warre's last "Fourth," and when he mounted the college chapel steps to call "Absence," the assembly of old and young Etonians recognised that the great "head" was saying farewell to the school.

By common consent he has been Eton's greatest "head," and all realise how difficult it will be even for Canon Lyttelton to follow in the footsteps of such a man.

NEW BRIDGE COLLAPSES.

Directly after a new suspension bridge, erected over the River Irvine at Kilmarnock, had been declared open on Saturday, there was a wild rush of people to cross it. The wire ropes sprang from their concrete sockets under the strain, and the bridge fell into the water. Eight people were injured, but none seriously.

£67,815 PICTURE SALE.

Extraordinary Prices Realised at Christie's by the Tweedmouth Collection.

In less than three hours on Saturday, £67,815 was obtained for a collection of 116 pictures, fifty-two of which were the property of Lord Tweedmouth, removed from Brook House, Park-lane, W., and Guisachan, Beaulieu, N.B.

No sale this season has attracted such a large gathering, admission into the room at times being an impossibility. Among the well-known people present were Lord Lansdowne and Lord George Hamilton.

The chief interest, of course, was centred in the Tweedmouth pictures, which formed the first part of the sale, and the high prices obtained spoke well for their quality. In all, the fifty odd canvases produced £49,548 12s. There were eight Raeburns, which produced an aggregate of £21,650; twelve Reynolds, for which £15,000 was given; and three Hoppers, which made a total of over £10,000.

The clou of the sale was Raeburn's masterly portrait of his wife, which at his sale in 1877 realised 950 guineas. On Saturday Mr. Davis secured it for 8,700 guineas after a heated duel with Mr. Asher Wertheimer.

Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott just reached 1,000 guineas. In 1863 it was bought for £3 5s.

Perhaps public interest was most apparent when the sale of the Reynolds canvases commenced.

The first to be put up, a superb portrait of the Countess of Bellamont, nearly 8ft. high, realised 6,000 guineas, against 2,400 guineas thirty years ago.

The total of this sale surpasses any other held this season, being nearly £30,000 more than the last sale a fortnight ago. The largest sale recorded at Christie's occurred two years ago, when a total of £104,000 was realised.

WON £40,000 BY A "SYSTEM."

Remarkable History of a Criminal to Whom Betting Success Was a Curse.

"One of the most dangerous criminals who ever was sheltered in Birmingham." Such was the description given to "Ready-Money Riley," who died a few days ago at a lodging-house in the Midland metropolis. He was once a working jeweller, and he made a fortune of £40,000 by betting on a system, the keynote of which was "backing the favourites." The money went almost as easily as it was gained, and then he turned his attention to receiving stolen goods.

For nearly thirty years a constant war was maintained between Riley and the police, who suspected his dealings, but it was not until he had grown grey in crime that they were successful in trapping him, so great was the cunning of the man.

HIS WIFE'S PENSIONER.

Lady Divorces Husband to Whom She Allowed £300 a Year.

Mrs. John Alphonso Reed, who was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court on Saturday, told a remarkable story of domestic unhappiness.

Mrs. Reed is an American, and she married her husband in 1894, transferring to him property to the value of £300 a year.

She had reason to complain of his brutality and his association with a married woman, with whom he stayed at Eastbourne and in London.

Once Mr. Reed pulled his wife's hat to pieces, tore her dress, and smashed the china ornaments on the dressing-table.

SOLDIER'S FAITHLESS WIFE.

Lord Grenfell's Chief Clerk's Sad Story of Domestic Unhappiness.

Staff-Sergeant Joseph Dempster, chief clerk to Lord Grenfell, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court on Saturday on account of his wife's misconduct with John Dely, an artilleryman.

Counsel stated that Dempster was a man who by his own energy had risen from the ranks to the highest position he could hold in the Army except that of a commissioned officer.

He married his wife on Christmas Day, 1890, at St. Francis, Notting Hill, and lived happily with her at the various places he was stationed till 1899, when he was ordered to South Africa on active service, and when the alleged misconduct took place.

Application, it is said, will shortly be made to the Court of Chancery on behalf of a new claimant to the Portland estates. The new aspirant is a young man named Holland, of Queensland, Australia, and is in no way connected with Mrs. Druce, a former claimant.

POLITICAL HARMONY.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain Shake Fraternal Hands.

ANOTHER ELECTION BLOW.

Important political speeches, almost manifestoes in their way, were delivered on Saturday by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. The Prime Minister was the guest in the afternoon of Conservative and Unionist candidates at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole; and Mr. Chamberlain in the evening addressed a great gathering at St. Helens.

The striking feature of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was his declaration, regarding which there has been so much speculation lately, that he and Mr. Balfour were in complete accord about tariff reform. Another event of interest on Saturday was the Chichester by-election, in which Lord Edmund Talbot retained the seat for the Conservatives by a greatly reduced majority. The figures were:—

Talbot (C)	4,174
Allen (L)	3,702

Conservative majority

Previous elections resulted as follows:—

1885.		1892.	
Lord March (C)	4,760	Lord W. Gordon-	
F. W. Gibbs (L)	2,470	Lennox (U)	4,230
Majority	2,290	H. J. Reid (L)	2,261
		Majority	1,975

There were 150 guests at the Whitehall luncheon, and Mr. Balfour struck an inspiring note in his speech.

He said he was convinced that the Party which had so long directed the affairs of the country would maintain its proper preponderance in a balance of political power. They might all approach the great contest, which, under the Septennial Act, could not be much longer deferred, in a spirit of confidence and hope.

It was perfectly true, as he said the night before, that the current of opinion in so far as it could be estimated by the Liberals was running against the Party, but the Liberals would not be in the position of a stop-gap. (Laughter.) They had no Imperial ideal, and no programme of social reforms which could go beyond the commonplace of newspaper headlines. (Laughter.)

It was known what was the policy of the Unionist Party, but did any human being know what their opponents were going to do? Had they any opinion? Were they incapable of forming opinions? They had been in opposition now for ten years, but they had told us nothing because they had nothing to tell us, and that was the thing that ought to be rubbed home.

The Liberals might come into office, but the public would be disappointed. Again the sands would be ploughed, again no crop of useful legislation would be reaped. Then the country would turn with a well-advised confidence to the Party which with a brief interval had held the reins of office from the year 1896 to the present moment.

PERFECT PARTY ACCORD.

"We have a clear and definite policy, upon which we are united," Mr. Chamberlain told the St. Helens audience of 8,000—"the policy pursued by our leader—(loud cheers)—accepted by the vast majority of the Party."

Referring to the Albert Hall meeting on Friday night, he said it was the Prime Minister's business on that occasion to review the situation, and above all to look forward into the future. Every loyal Unionist would be grateful to him for the lead which he was able to give.

"We have now from his lips a clear exposition of official policy at the next election, and I do not think that even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be able to misunderstand it. (Laughter and cheers.)

"He said Colonial preference will be the first item of the future Unionist programme. He then asked a question touching the whole of us.

"It referred to a conference representing the whole Empire, and urged lastly that the conference should be absolutely free, and that all who were represented at that conference—the Motherland as well as the Colonies—should be free afterwards to consider and to deal with the results, whatever they may be.

"That is the official programme, to which I most heartily subscribe."

The audience received this important pronouncement with vociferous cheering. Mr. Chamberlain touched humorously upon the "dowing" tide that is popularly supposed to be with the Liberals. He said the ebb would inevitably come, and then the Unionists would go home again and bring their tails—their policy (laughter)—behind them.

The Duke of Devonshire will to-day ask whether it is contemplated to summon the special Colonial Conference before or after the general election.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE FINED.

For driving a motor-car at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was fined £5 by the Guildford County Bench on Saturday.

COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire
In the Running for First Place
—Champions at the Oval.

CAPTAIN GREIG'S SUCCESS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The table of the county championship this week shows that the teams left with a chance of becoming champions can now be limited to four. Of these, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Surrey have, up to date, been unbeaten by county sides, though the Australians beat both Lancashire and Yorkshire fairly comfortably.

Notts, who have suffered only one defeat, are still in the running, and may go fairly close. They are a good all-round side, and though perhaps a trifle weak in bowling their batting is very strong. The Australians, after a comfortable win over Cambridge, play Yorkshire at Bradford to-day. In their first match against the Tykes the Australians won fairly easily, but they are likely to have to work harder for a victory in the present game.

MCLEOD'S FINE BOWLING.

Cambridge, with the exception of Harrison, batted poorly against the Australians, for whom McLeod did a great bowling performance, taking five wickets for thirteen runs. The Cantabs, however, were without the services of their skipper and best bat, E. W. Mann, whose presence or absence makes a tremendous difference to the side.

Yorkshire had a good win over Middlesex on Saturday, and seem to play better every time they take the field. Hirst made a welcome reappearance, and was able to bowl fifteen overs.

The great match of to-day, from the county cricket point of view, takes place at the Oval, where Surrey oppose Lancashire. The former side scored a great victory on Saturday, in spite of some plucky play by Gillingham and Reeves for Essex. Lord Dalmelyn hit very hard for a quickly-compiled 65, and Hayward played a great innings for his side, scoring at a good pace without taking unnecessary risks.

The Lancashire bowling had a great set-back against Warwick last week, Byrne helping himself to the extent of 222, and Kinnear notching 158. The champions in going in against 518 had only a draw to play for, and this they effected easily. The game at the Oval should be a fine one.

CAPTAIN GREIG'S SENSATIONAL DEBUT.

Hampshire and Somerset meet at Bath, and a good game is anticipated. Captain Greig, who made such a sensational opening to his season last week, by getting 115 and 130 run out, will be carefully watched. He is perhaps the greatest master of the late cut in the world, and has a wonderful pair of wrists. Besides being such a fine cricketer, Captain Greig is one of the best racket players in India.

Notts and Sussex turn out at Nottingham to-day. Sussex have not shown their proper form this year, and could do with a win. Fry's finger seems to have recovered, and he played a fine 86 on Saturday. Notts, however, have a slightly stronger all-round side, and should win if the match is played to a finish.

Essex, who are having a most disastrous season, are at Dublin, and oppose Dublin University. The Irishmen are always a formidable one on their own wickets, and are a pretty strong side.

WORK FOR THOMPSON.

Northampton play Leicester at Northampton. The "younger side" have still to score their initial victory in first-class cricket, having so far played one draw and suffered a defeat. Leicester have won two and lost two, and their batting is strong this year. It seems probable that Thompson will be called upon to do a big thing both with the bat and the ball.

Cambridge play the Gentlemen of England at Cambridge. This match is an annual affair, and is always a large scoring match. The "Varsity" ought to secure a win, although they have had no actual success, they have proved themselves a level lot throughout the year.

It is curious to note that none of the men who won the Test match for England are among the first half-dozen in the batting averages. The highest batsman of that played is B. J. T. Bosanquet, who was played primarily as a bowler, and, as he proved, rightly.

Rhodes is the highest of the Test match bowlers, but of those who have got over twenty wickets, Hallam, Haigh, and Kermode have better averages.

F. B. WILSON.

WHO WERE THEY?

Of two recent Governors-General of India, one rode a small pony because he was afraid to ride a horse, and one rode a carriage because he was afraid to ride a pony.—Mr. Arnold White, in the "Sunday Sun."

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

People went very largely to the public-houses because their own homes were miserable, said the Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") at Blackburn. They flew to this mild excitement, in which they obtained a brief sense of a kind of heaven for a sum barely exceeding a shilling, because they had no other vision.

Constitution reigned amongst ten thousand spectators at Boxmoor gale, near Watford, on Saturday night, when a balloon broke from its moorings, soared skywards, and collapsed. It was at first thought that the aeronauts were in the balloon, but happily it was empty.

Mr. George Bradley Wieland, J.P., of Lancaster-gate, chairman and former secretary of the North British Railway Company, and a director of the Forth Bridge Railway Company, left estate of the gross value of £226,071.

At the Sussex village of Easebourne a man has just died who worked for seventy years on one estate. His brother completed sixty-four years and his father thirty years in similar service.

Wednesday next is fixed for the sixteenth annual race between cadets of the Worcester and Conway, which this year takes place on the Hersey, for the silver challenge cup and shield.

According to custom, the old "Rogalide" ceremony of invoking a blessing on the crops was observed in the fields at Burnham, in Norfolk. Clergy, choir, and people took part in the open-air service.

Messrs. Kynoch, of Birmingham, claim that with their new explosive, axite, the muzzle velocity of the bullet is 400 ft. per second greater than when cordite is used.

By his will the Rev. John Arthur Price-Jones, M.A., of Otterford, Taunton, formerly vicar of Hilton and Skelbrooke, Yorkshire, left £1,000 to the King's Hospital Fund.

Accidentally falling on a stout bottle, Henry Saunders, landlord of the Lamb Hotel, Tiverton, cut the main artery of his right arm and bled to death before assistance could be obtained.

In a case to come before the courts this week there will be allegations made of "doctoring" a horse at Kempton Park before a race in 1903. The parties are a trainer and a racehorse owner.

In the agony column of a London contemporary on Saturday there appeared the following advertisement:—"Denys Dear—I hear you are in London. Do be careful of all the pitfalls and the traffic. Think of all those that love you.—The Girls."

TOMORROW'S ROYAL WEDDING.



An excellent photograph of the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany and his bride-elect, the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, who are to be married in Berlin to-morrow with great state.

To-day is the fifth anniversary of the entry of Lord Roberts and the British troops into Pretoria.

Seventeen full-grown cats and forty-five kittens were found in the room of a house from which an old woman was evicted at Douglas on Saturday.

At Lea, near Gainsborough, a starling has built its nest and reared a young family in the cricket club roller. Although the roller has been in regular use the feathered pair have stuck to their post.

When the new Government buildings at the end of Parliament-street, opposite the entrance to the Palace of Westminster, are completed they will be allocated to the Local Government Board and the Education Department.

Not a single book has been lost from Yarmouth free libraries in four years, notwithstanding that the annual issue totals 124,985 volumes. Yarmouth people read only 56 per cent. of fiction, although in towns of similar size the proportion is from 62 to 90 per cent.

Leave to appeal was given when Mr. D. G. Gilmore, of Mickleham Downs House, near Dorking, was fined 45 at Dorking on Saturday for riding a motor-bicycle to the danger of the public. His licence was endorsed, and he was also charged with not carrying a bell or horn.

Many curious musical instruments, none of which he could play, were collected by John William Walker, an eccentric Blackpool resident, who has just died. When he wanted to hear them he paid a musician to play them for him. He claimed to possess the largest saxophone (5 ft. 6 in. long) ever

It has been definitely decided, says an Aldershot telegram, that there will be no Army manoeuvres on a large scale this year.

Sheffield's University Charter arrived there on Saturday, Alderman Franklin, who had taken it from London, being escorted through the streets to the university buildings by students and Volunteer bands.

Large crowds witnessed the crowning of the Rose Queen at Over, Cheshire, by Lady Brunner on Saturday. Miss Ethel Dickinson was the Queen. Exhibitions were given by maypole and morris dancers.

Walthamstow's electric tramways, which have cost £100,000 and were inaugurated on Saturday, open up direct communication with Epping Forest, into which the route penetrates as far as the Woodford boundary.

As the Surliton Fire Brigade were proceeding to a fire yesterday the horses attached to the escape fell in a hole in the street. The driver was seriously injured and taken to the hospital, and the horses were badly injured.

Two Irishmen named Kelly and McCue, fined at Berwick for possessing military clothing, were detected by a Goldstream Guards recruiting sergeant to whom they applied for enlistment. He found they were vaccinated in the Army fashion.

"Christianity and not Protestantism has been the maker of this country. Protestantism has been the bane of religion." In these words the Rev. R. Raggett, vicar of St. Luke's, Newcastle, in his parish magazine, resents a "recent infliction of Kenaitim."

RUSSIAN BONDS STEADIED.

No Serious Break in Prices Now
Considered Likely.

PARIS SELLS KAFFIRS.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—Saturdays nowadays seem to live up to their reputation. To-day was as slack as well could be on the Stock Exchange, and the only two happy features were that there were no more failures in connection with the settlement, and that the tendency as a whole was perhaps better.

No doubt this was in part due to the rather improved tendency on Wall Street overnight. Still it would be a good thing if the Equitable disclosures were out, and have done with. Hints as to what these may be in the way of speculation are not likely to be in excess of the truth, and they have caused liquidation and "bear" selling.

So that when the statement is made public, it is quite on the cards that there may even be a rally in Americans within a short time. London is not much wrapped up in American Ralls from the investment point of view, but a good many market men get nipped, and so a break very often means that securities have to be sold elsewhere. A good American market would thus be welcomed.

There is rather a curious feature at the present time in connection with Stock Exchange operations. It is an undoubted fact that there is a good deal of investment money available if it could only be got at. At the same time, business men of standing, who indulge in Stock Exchange operations, have probably during the last year or so asked more small favours from their brokers in the way of deferring payments of differences than have been known within recent memory. Any broker who does the class of business referred to could give instances, and very surprising some of them are.

UNINVESTED CAPITAL.

What it really means is that when things look cheap these operators have bought and paid for their stock. The expected rise has not come off, and on further falls they have perhaps opened speculative commitments. The reason why they have often found them out, and the position has become a peculiar one, owing to operations having often been conducted fully up to bank balance limits, and the question frequently arises of deferred payments in order to avoid selling real stock.

Yet, as we have said, among other classes of investors all over the country there is a large amount of capital awaiting a chance of coming to market.

To-day Consols have been steady at 90½, after their decline of yesterday. Taking the gilt-edged stocks as a whole there was not much amiss with them to-day. A Westralian new issue is announced.

Home Ralls are steady, perhaps a little dull, but as much due to the absence of business as anything else.

AMERICAN MARKET FEARS.

In spite of New York showing a rather better finish at the close last night, London operators were very chary about the American market to-day. They put prices below the New York equivalent, and then kept them there. The idea is, of course, that the Equitable may have been concerned with certain deals in connection with railroad securities or Steels, and that stock may have to be sold. At all events, that is the reason why the gossips say, that Unions were weak to-day.

Canadian Ralls were better. Here it was entirely due to a good Grand Trunk traffic. The increase of £529 was a £23,000 better showing than was looked for. But people are also talking very favourably about Canadian prospects generally.

LITTLE COPPER DEMAND.

After their sharp fall yesterday in the closing hour, it was satisfactory to find that Russian bonds steadied to-day to 87½, being thus unchanged. This was reassuring, for some of the alarmists yesterday evening began to hint of possibilities of a scare of French investors. Russian bonds, however, are usually so well supported that any serious break is not likely. Japanese were also steady without much feature. Copper shares were barely so good. Rio Tintos were put down. The European demand is very slow for the metal, and apparently prospects are not regarded with quite so much confidence. As a whole the Paris favourites were dull.

Kaffirs were unsatisfactory again. The liquidation is not over, and there is really very little in the intrinsic position to encourage the public to buy. At all events, the public do not buy, and Paris has to-day again been a seller. Consequently the tone has been weak, with Chartered, Goldfields, and other descriptions offered.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all letters, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror*, are at 12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
TELEGRAMS: "MIRROR," "Refused," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 5 1905.

THE FATE OF SHAMS.

WE now know the full extent of the Japanese victory in the great battle of Saturday and Sunday last. The arrival of three cruisers at Manila shows that the Russian loss was not quite so large as we imagined. For all the harm they can do to the Japanese, however, these three cruisers might just as well have gone down. The net result of the fight is unaltered. Russia as a naval Power has ceased to exist.

The "reason why" needs no looking for. It is plain, obvious, unmistakable. Japan beat Russia because Japan will have no shams, whereas the Russian naval system was based upon them. Again and again in the past has the same thing happened; again and again in the future it will happen. All nations which have tolerated shams have sooner or later had their lesson. Are we going to wait for such a lesson, or do we mean to abolish shams before the hour of disaster strikes?

In this country shams flourish everywhere. Parliament is a sham, to begin with. It is supposed to control the Government, to watch with careful eye over administration and expenditure. It is in reality a whipped dog with no influence upon Ministers whatever.

This is one of the many hateful results of our Party System being a sham. To do what is best for the country has long ceased to be the aim of politicians. Their sole desire is to damage the other side and get into office themselves.

Education is a sham—or, if you prefer it, a "cram." We have not begun as yet to understand how young minds ought to be trained and young intelligence fostered and made strong. For confirmation apply to anybody who knows the product of our elementary schools. Other schools are as bad; Universities little better.

Our much boasted Imperial Unity is a sham. We might easily make it a reality, but we prefer to spend our time calling each other names. The natural results are bound to follow. At this very moment Canada is considering whether the United States would not be a better commercial ally for her than the Mother Country.

That our Army system is a gigantic sham needs no re-telling. South Africa burnt that into our minds, and there are many high authorities besides Sir Alfred Turner who say that we are not a whit better off now than we were before the war.

The Navy we all believe in. Yet even the Navy abounds in shams. To give the supreme authority over our fleets to one who has never been a seaman, and knows nothing whatever about ships, is the biggest of all. To allow seniority to have anything to do with promotion is another.

However, there is this to be said about the Navy. Its shams are one by one being done away with. That is because we have in Sir John Fisher a man who feels and detests shams as you would a stone in your shoe. He cannot be comfortable while they are about. Elsewhere we look in vain for any genuine effort to lop off the dead and rotting branches of the tree of our national life.

Yet without such efforts we are certain some day to meet with Russia's fate. Our shams can only have one of two ends. Either we must abolish them, or someone else will abolish them for us.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our brains are 70-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE King and Queen were at the opera on Saturday night, and I thought the King, who was sitting next the Portuguese Minister, the Marquis de Soveral, looked better than ever, in spite of the fatigues of last week. His Majesty is very fond of Meyerbeer's opera, "The Huguenots," and has "commanded" the fourth act for Thursday's gala performance in honour of the King of Spain. The seats for that long-expected performance are slightly less expensive than those were for the night when President Loubet was present, but the ceremony will be quite as gorgeous as the other.

The royal box, built into the centre of the grand tier, will be sown all over with artificial flowers, and real ones will hang over these in festoons. The box on the King's right hand will be assigned to strictly official people—members of the Diplomatic Corps, and so on—while that on the left will be occupied by a few personal friends of the King and by distinguished Ministers and their wives. Waggon, one notices, is always excluded from the official programmes on these occasions, partly because he must be played without cuts or not at all, partly because the Royal Family, and certainly the King of Spain

this sort, and it is certainly the ideal place for them. Perhaps the greatest compliment Stafford House ever received was that paid by Queen Victoria, who went to see a former Duchess of Sutherland there. When the Duchess apologised for the lack of ceremony in her reception, the Queen smiled and said: "My dear, I have come from my house to visit your palace."

Lady Knutsford has chosen the Hyde Park Hotel as the place for her dance to-night, in preference to her own house in Eaton-square. The dancing-rooms are admirably arranged at this hotel, and the "sitting-out" rooms look over the quiet, airy park, so it is no wonder that people are beginning to entertain there regularly. A dance given in a private house means endless trouble—furniture moved, disorder, expense—while one given outside means no trouble at all. Lady Knutsford is a sister of Sir George Trevelyan. She is much younger than her husband, who is in his eighty-first year.

Lord Clonmell, whose house in Stratton-street has just been severely damaged by fire, has been very unlucky in the way of accidents. Three years ago he was driving a small cart near his estate in Kildare, when the horse bolted and he had to jump boldly right out of the cart into a ditch, although

BRITANNIA GREETES KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.



He arrives to-day, and leaves on Saturday. His visit is too short, but it will give him time to find out how cordially he is liked here, and that the "Entente Cordiale" between England and Spain is as warm as that between England and France.

on this occasion, really prefer the older style of music.

The King and Queen were brought up in days when Wagner was considered a kind of maniac, and Queen Victoria could never endure him. She liked nothing better than the operas which gave her favourite prima donnas opportunity for coming to the footlights and displaying their amazing trills and roulades. One night she sat listening in rapture to a heroine, who, on the point of expiring, warbled a waltz tune for about ten minutes. When it was over she was heard to turn to her companion and say: "There! What could be more perfect? How many notes did she sing in a minute?"

The Duchess of Sutherland's entertainment in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild, at Stafford House, this afternoon, looks as though it were to be even more successful than her charitable functions usually are. One would not mind paying even the fabulous sums generally demanded at bazaars to hear Melba, who is to sing three times during the afternoon. And what an excellent "draw" will be provided in the stand erected at the back of the house to see the King of Spain passing down the Mall on his way to Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of Sutherland's magnificent house has always been freely given for entertainments of

he carried his arm in a sling as the result of another fall a few days earlier. Then he went to New York a few years ago, only to catch fever in a hotel and to lie there for weeks between life and death.

This series of misfortunes began with Lord Clonmell's father, who was seriously injured, strangely enough, also in a carriage accident. Moreover, his death, at the comparatively early age of fifty, was caused, so it was said, by blood-poisoning brought on by his dropping some sealing-wax on a rose placed in his finger while he was sealing a letter. The present Lady Clonmell, by the way, was an actress. Her name was Miss Rachel Berridge, and she married Lord Clonmell four years ago.

Mr. J. Williams Benn, the chairman of the London County Council, whose elder daughter, Miss Margaret Benn, was married on Saturday to Mr. Cecil Hughes, is certainly the most versatile of municipal politicians. He writes plays and produces them at his own house at Blackheath. He has also combined the professions of lecturer and artist, and when he was poor and unknown used to go about the country describing well-known people to genteel societies, and drawing crayon portraits of them as he did so. At the end of the lectures there used to be a kind of scramble for the sketches thus carelessly thrown off.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the New American Ambassador, Who Is Received by the King To-day.

FROM the King to the "man in the street" everyone in England is pleased to welcome Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new American Ambassador, who to-day presents his credentials, and is officially received by his Majesty at Buckingham Palace.

He is by no means a new figure in England. He came over first as special envoy for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee—he was born, by the way, the year she came to the Throne—then again for King Edward's Coronation. At that first great pageant he was noticeable among the brilliant crowd of uniforms by his plain every-day black dress. In the official picture of the great scene of that day his portrait is prominently shown in the left-hand corner at Queen Victoria's special wish, though it is not his real position as it happens.

A finished diplomat, socially popular and immensely wealthy, he has everything to recommend him for his post.

His ambassadorial experience was gained in Paris, where he also learned to entertain right royally. He paid £4,000 a year for his house, unfurnished, and his dinners had a European reputation. There was much sorrow among luxury-loving Christians when ill-health, following an attack of influenza, obliged him to relinquish his post.

His great wealth has come to him partly through his work as a journalist and partly by marriage. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is the daughter of Mr. D. Ogden Mills, the Californian millionaire.

THE START OF HIS CAREER.

It was "way back" in Xenia, Ohio, that he started his journalistic career. Since then he has climbed all the rungs of the journalistic ladder. He has been sub-editor, reporter, war correspondent, political writer, editor, and is to-day the proprietor of the great American daily, the "New York Tribune."

He has grown a great deal greyer since he was last here, but he is still the tall and graceful man with the dignified manner that he was then, and, if possible, he looks less of the typical American than ever.

As a matter of fact, his British blood is very recent. It is very little more than a hundred years since his grandfather left Scotland, and his mother, too, was a Scotchwoman.

The beard he wears is rare in America, which has much to do with his un-American appearance, and his general manner savours much more of St. James's than of Washington. His old-fashioned courtliness will stand him in better stead here than it does in New York, where it is rather laughed at.

COURTLY TO ALL ALIKE.

And his courtliness is for all ranks of society. One of his New York employees once said that when anyone above the rank of an office boy had to go and see him in his office, Mr. Reid always rose to his feet at the close of the interview and escorted his visitor to the door, as though he were a distinguished guest.

Still, newspaper men in New York are not as a rule over-fond of him. He does not pay very good salaries, and when he stood for the Presidency, twelve years ago, they were by no means his whole-hearted supporters.

At Court he will be a distinct acquisition, for he always looks decorative. He can even wear evening-dress by daylight, one of the greatest handicaps of the American diplomatic service, and still look what he is—a gentleman.

Very few gentlemen do go in for politics in America, but, luckily, he is one of them.

CANADIAN CHEERFULNESS.

The chief asset in the Canadian's character is glorious enthusiasm and belief in himself and his country. Britons are predisposed to take a pessimistic view of things. The Canadian revels in optimism. He lives in a whirl of it. Every man in Winnipeg believes in Winnipeg. He is proud of Winnipeg. He believes the Almighty must have overlooked the neighbourhood or it would have been chosen as the Garden of Eden. You smile, but you love him for his municipal pride. You see he is a man, all right. He is self-confident. —J. Foster Fraser, in "Canada As It Is."

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 4.—If the rose is the queen of summer flowers, then assuredly the peony is their king. Peonies, for massive display and splendid colouring, are unrivalled. To-day many of the tightly-folded buds have burst.

The double-red is the best autumn variety, but there are countless others having pink to crimson, white, and yellow flowers (many sweet-scented) which are much more beautiful. The coppery-coloured foliage of some peonies is very charming by way of contrast to the bright green of others. Single forms are especially good for picking, and ought to be better known.

House martins and swallows are now busy under overhanging eaves, the muddy village-pool hard by providing their building material. —E. F. T.

PRINCE EDDY'S FLAGSHIP LAUNCHED.



On Saturday, the fortieth anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birthday, the miniature brig in which his little sons are to receive their first lessons in seamanship was successfully launched at Virginia Water. No. 1 shows the scene at the moment before the vessel was launched, and No. 2 shows her once more in her native element. No. 3 illustrates the part played by a traction-engine during the launch—that of preventing the brig from taking the water too quickly.

TO MEET KING ALFONSO.



Volunteer "handy men" from H.M.S. Buzzard on their way to embark in the Barfleur for a month's training at sea. The Barfleur will form part of the naval escort for the royal yacht Victoria and Albert conveying King Alfonso to Portsmouth.

AT TERRY'S TO-NIGHT.



Mme. Réjane, the popular French actress, who will commence this evening a series of performances at Terry's Theatre with "L'Age d'Amour," a great Parisian success.—(Photograph Reutlinger, copyright, Rojary.)

SOLD FOR £6,930.



Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of the Countess of Bellamont, which fetched 6,600 guineas at the sale of Lord Tweedmouth's pictures at Christie's on Saturday.

"Fourth of June" C



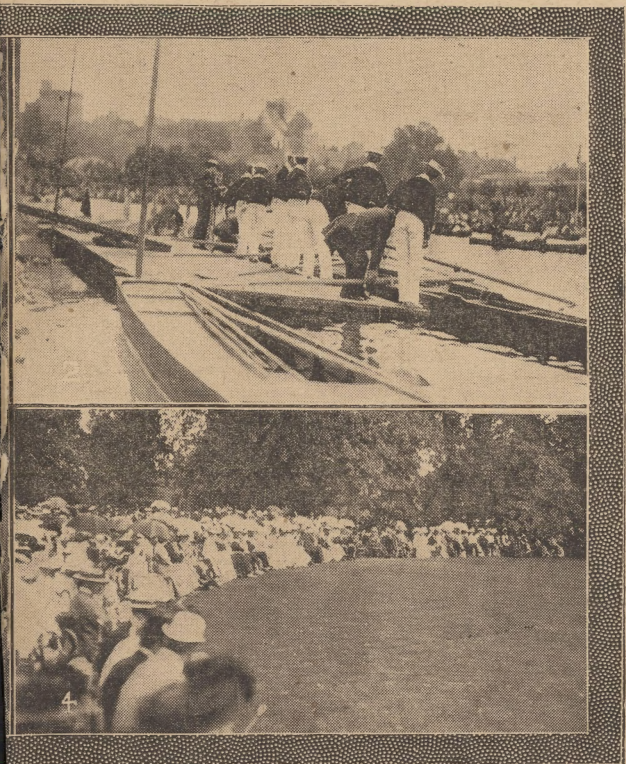
Eton celebrated the "Fourth of June" on Saturday, the 3rd, to avoid the Sunday, being, as always, the most popular. No. 1 shows a group of "mothers, sisters, and aunts" festival. No. 2 shows the Defiance, the first boat to leave the raft for the procession, cricket-ground during the match.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES AT



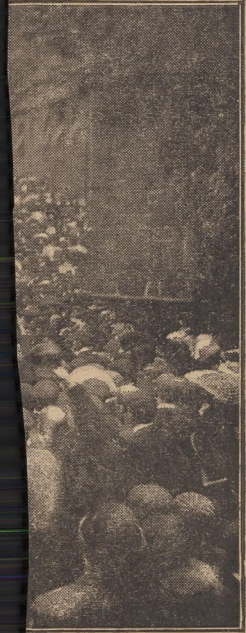
When the result of the polling was declared at Whitby, Mr. Noel Buxton received the photograph when it was announced that he had won. A cross marks Mr. Buxton's residence. He succeeded in retaining Chichester for the Conservatives.

celebrations at Eton.



There were the usual functions, the procession of boats, in which ten boats took part, not to mention mere male relatives, assisting in lending distinction to the great school. No. 3 gives a good general idea of the scene on the river, and No. 4 was taken in the town Eton and New College, Oxford.

THE TWO BY-ELECTIONS.



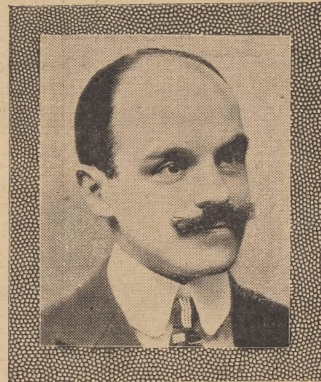
enthusiastic reception from his supporters. They "chaired" him in triumph as shown in the crowd. The large portrait is that of Lord Edmund Talbot, who succeeded, though by a largely reduced majority.

LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP DECIDED.



The competition for the Ladies' International Golf Championship at Cromer ended in the success of an English player, Miss Bertha Thompson. No. 1 shows the championship trophy, with Miss Thompson (seated on the left), Miss M. E. Stuart (seated on the right). No. 2 is a portrait of the new champion; and No. 3 shows Miss Stuart, the runner-up, in play. No. 4 was taken as Miss Thompson was driving at the twelfth tee.

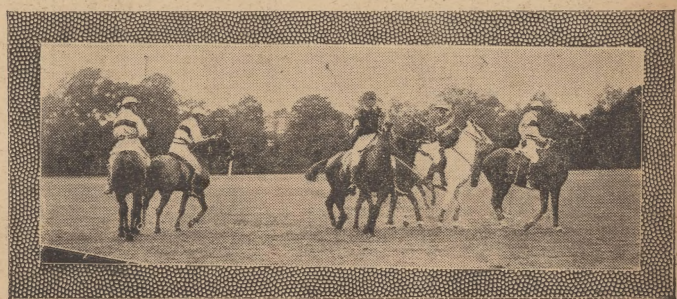
TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Mr. Gerald Chesterman, of Belmain, Sheffield, who is to marry this afternoon at St. Peter's, Eaton-square—



—Miss A. Carson, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, M.P. (Solicitor-General).—(Lambert Weston.)



A throw-in during the polo game between Royal Horse Guards (first team) and Moreton Morrell at Roehampton. The latter team won by 9 goals to 7.

A TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH SHIPS.

The Warships with Which Japan
Defeated Russia Were Built in
English Dockyards.

JAPAN OWNS HER DEBT.

Nothing but a great naval battle in which the British Navy proved its superiority over a worthy enemy could do more to raise the prestige of our fleets than Togo's great defeat of Rojestsvensky. With one or two minor exceptions the fleet with which Togo out-maneuvred and out-fought the Russian fleet were of English construction.

And as the reports of the battle continue to come in they emphasise strongly the fact that the inferiority of the Russian ships had much to do with the case of his victory.

Russian armour was pierced by Japanese shells which, nominally, it should have resisted. Russian guns were useless at a range at which Japanese shells were working havoc. Russian crews were decimated when Japan's losses were, comparatively speaking, insignificant.

CAPTURED FROM THE JAPANESE.

Of the Japanese battleships only one is not of English construction, and that is the old Chinyen, captured at Wei-hai-wei ten years ago and built at Stettin twelve years before that.

Of the others, the great turret-ship Asahi, of 15,200 tons, which shares with the Mikasa the distinction of being the largest vessel in Japan's navy, was built at Clydebank. The barbet-ship Mikasa, built at Barrow, and launched in 1902, is typical of our own first-class battleships.

The Fugt, of 12,320 tons, was built on the Thames. So was the Shikishima, of 14,850 tons. The Fusuo, an old vessel, was originally built at Poplar, though she has been practically rebuilt since. She foundered in October, 1897. She is, however, little more than a coast-defence vessel, being only 3,717 tons, while her speed is only eleven and a half knots, as compared with the nineteen knots of the Shikishima and the eighteen and a half knots of the other large battleships.

BRITISH-BUILT CRUISERS.

Among the armoured cruisers the same holds good. The four principal vessels of the eight which took part in the great fight are English built.

The Tokiwa, with her speed of twenty-three knots, was built at Elswick. So were the Asama, of 22.3 knots, and the twin cruisers Izumo and Iwate, completed in 1901. The little Chiyoda was built on the Clyde.

The Yakumo was built at Stettin, and alone owes nothing to England. The Kasuga and the Nishin, purchased from the Argentine Republic, were built in Italy on English models.

Among the lighter vessels there is not so large a proportion of foreign-built boats. Japan has learned her lesson of shipbuilding, and is applying

it rapidly. There were only four English-built boats among the ordinary cruisers, but it must be remembered that the cruisers built in the Japanese dockyards are copies of the English vessels.

The same applies to Japan's numerous torpedo-boats. We may provide ourselves upon the fact that such of these were not built here in England are copies of those that were. And Japan herself is quite ready to admit it. She looks upon the British Navy as the mother of her own victorious ships, and the British nation looks upon the Japanese navy as a descendant—one can no longer say child—of whom she has every right to be proud.

Then, too, the British Navy is the school in which many Japanese officers have been trained. Englishmen have instructed and supervised naval teaching and construction in Japan.

Togo's great victory, in short, must raise the prestige of the English Navy in the minds of all the thinking people, just as it has raised Japan to the forefront among the naval Powers of the world.

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS."

Pictureque Costume Play Produced by Martin
Harvey at the Lyric.

The good things said in the country about "The Breed of the Treshams" were all justified at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday. It is a capital costume romantic melodrama, and provides both Mr. Martin Harvey and his wife with parts in which they score heavily all the time.

Lieut. Reresby, known as "The Rat," is of that familiar type, the man with something good in him, after all. His hand is against every man's, and he is not above treachery when it pays. Yet he can be true as steel when his heart is touched or the honour of another involved.

He can even defy the arts of the seventeenth century torture-chamber, and does so in a most exciting scene—one of the best in the play. Miss de Silva (Mrs. Harvey) is a girl who follows "The Rat's" fortune, and acts with a great deal of spirit, creating much amusement by her boyish "check."

The piece is well played all round, and ought to do well. It was very warmly received on Saturday evening.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

The Townsman's Day in the Country.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonaire
And gentle tale of love and languishment?

Returning home at evening with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel; an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by;
E'en like the passage of an angel's train,
That falls through the clear ether silently.

—KEATS.

seeing silence of the sweet night—The Flying Dutchman, Shotover, Ormonde, and the stranger, great Gladiateur!
Humanity slept, and the ghosts held revel.

In Arthur Merrick's room in Rose Cottage Lyndal still sits by the bedside, the book in her hand, her side, and on the bed Arthur slept at intervals, and then awoke to toss and to fro and talk wildly, incoherently.

For the last half-hour he had apparently slept peacefully; he had fallen asleep with Lyndal's hand held tightly in his own. The window was opened now, that night and brought peace and quiet, and the cool breeze fanned Lyndal's tired eyes, and against her will tempted her to slip into the arms of Morpheus.

She was dozing like a watchdog, with one eye on its charge, when Merrick moved and opened both his eyes, and looked searchingly into Lyndal's face.

"I've been asleep?"
She nodded. "Yes, try to sleep again."
He shook his head.

"I've slept for hours, longer than I can remember. Tell me, what has happened? Oh, it's no use shaking your head and telling me not to talk. I must talk, I must know!" He sat upright and caught Lyndal's arm, and held her firm: "I've remembered nothing since—since the race."

"I remembered nothing after going over the rails. Tell me what happened—I must know, Lyn. If you won't tell me I'll get up and wake Marvis. But you will tell me everything—for old time's sake, Lyn. Keep nothing from me. Swear you won't! It's life or death me to know the truth."

He spoke rapidly, feverishly, but quite sanely now; his mind was no longer wandering; it was alert, wide-awake, keenly fixed on one thing.

"Not now, to-morrow, Arthur," Lyndal replied. "Do as I ask you, dear. Obey me now, and sleep. I won't leave you; to-morrow I will tell you all you wish to know."

"I don't know to-night, I must," he groaned.

"And there's no one I can ask but you, no one I

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SLAVES OF FASHION.

Some women ridicule us poor men for wearing tall hats and black coats. What about their monstrous furs?

One day, last week, thermometer 80deg. in the shade, I on Ludgate-circus to the Law Courts I met nine women clad in muslin or some light fabric dresses with prodigious fur tippets on their shoulders.

I said to one, "Surely in this heat you don't need furs, do you?" "No," she said, "but it is the fashion you know."

COMMON SENSE.

OUR OFFICERS.

It would probably interest "H. M. R." to know that the "evolutions" now being carried out daily on the Horse Guards Parade are rehearsals of the ancient ceremony of "Trooping the Colour."

It is surely presumption on the part of "H. M. R." to assume that the "strutting" of the officers across the parade is "supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the men." That it is in the eyes of the crowd of children and loafers who usually congregate to witness the rehearsal referred to, and whose sense of humour would not appear to be excessively delicate, I can quite believe.

It is rather surprising that "H. M. R." mentions the fact that he never even saw "this kind of silliness" in Berlin. Surely he meant to say Boccia, S.W.

C. E. W.

HAY FEVER IN JUNE.

A poem I think you (and Mr. Bridges) ought to know (see *Daily Mirror*, June 1):

When June is come there's the deuce to pay
If I sit with my 'lve in the scented hay,
With my tickly, pollen-shot palate and eyes,
And my red nose blown to portentous size.

She singeth and I do answer her song
With snuffles and sneezes both loud and long,
As we lie in our hay-built home hid from view,
Oh, life is delight in ha-thune, ha-tchien!

RICARDO HESS.

SUNDAY CLOSING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Would you permit me to say a few words in reply to "East End Cu ate" on the topic of Sunday closing of public-houses? I shall be very sorry if that is ever passed.

If "East End Curate" had ever been in South Wales, where such an Act is in force, he would then know what a curse Sunday closing is. The majority of men there order their casks and cases of beer and stout in on Saturday night and spend all the Sabbath swilling themselves with drink.

I am not speaking on what I have heard, but what I mean to live and work amongst for the past five years.

TAFFY-TEMPERANCE.

SENSIBLE WATER CARTS.

Is it hopeless to ask borough councils to have sensible water-carts which will sprinkle and not douse?

On the Horse Guards Parade this morning a cart was leaving a positive track of mud behind it. Laying the dust is one thing; making roads impassable is another.

COLONEL.

Bury-street, St. James's.

HINTS ON HEALTH FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

Explains the Nature of the Health
Troubles Which Are Specially Pre-
valent in Middle Life, and
Shows How These May
Be Avoided.

The age of forty is a critical one with many men and women. Their health may have been thoroughly satisfactory to that point, but the conditions of modern life are such that in many instances the foundation of future gouty attacks have by that time been laid. As far as appearance goes there may be nothing seriously wrong. There is merely, perhaps, irritation between the fingers, in the palms, or at the ankles, heartburn, flatulence, or acidity after meals; there may be pain on the right side of the body owing to torpid liver, or little concretions are felt on the outer rim of the ear, or there are small lumps under the skin of arms, breast, or legs; grains of uric acid are passed, or there are occasional twinges of pain in the joints; but it is not felt that anything very grave is the matter. In spite, however, of their seeming unimportance, these are really the first signs of gouty tendency, and the man or woman is wise who at this stage commences using Bishop's Valerettes, adding one of them three times a day to the beverage that is being taken. If attention is not at once given to the matter, what is the native? Gradually one article of food or drink after another will be left off because there is a perpetual fear of further and graver health troubles in the future.

"IT DOES NOT SEEM TO AGREE WITH ME NOW"

That is the explanation that is frequently given for the continued restrictions of diet, but what it really means is that one of the urates has accumulated in the body, as a result of failure of the system to properly eliminate uric acid. The continual attention to what one may eat and drink at last becomes very irksome, and the sufferer from uric acid symptoms finds life under such conditions very distasteful. What is needed is something that will counteract the gouty tendency, because if it be not checked in time the health will gradually become worse as the years advance. The sufferer may eventually be partly or quite crippled, and the trouble will also certainly tend to shorten life.

BE WISE IN TIME

All such discomfort and suffering as we have alluded to may be avoided. Not only the discomfort of gout, but also that of rheumatism, gouty eczema, gravel, sciatica, lumbago, and acidity, may all be prevented by the use of Bishop's Valerettes. You cannot have a better, more economical, convenient, or pleasant mode of treatment. A supply sufficient for nearly a month costs but 5s., and you may always carry your remedy with you in your waistcoat pocket; and we advise everyone who has experienced the first signs of uric acid trouble to adopt the treatment at once. There is no possible advantage in delay. Every day that the symptoms of uric acid are neglected the accumulations will continue and increase, and when you do commence the treatment it will take longer to obtain relief. Commence getting rid of the gouty irritant matter at once, and though you will get the benefit of an effective remedy, you will not have to take measures in the ordinary acceptance of the term. All you have to do is merely to add one Valerette to whatever drink you happen to be taking three times a day, preferably with meals, and as soon as the Valerette is added to the liquid it will begin to effervesce away and will soon be completely dissolved. Bishop's Valerettes are a remedy of choice with doctors, and which many of them are in the habit of using.

URIC ACID TROUBLES MAY BE AVOIDED

Don't make any mistake on this point. You can successfully prevent gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gravel, gouty eczema, and other troubles of similar origin by the use of Bishop's Valerettes. Many former sufferers have written and stated that by using Bishop's Valerettes they have secured immunity from further attacks after years of suffering. If you adopt Bishop's Valerette treatment yourself you will prove that the writers of the letters referred to said no more than the truth.

LETTER FROM COLONEL MAPLESON

Colonel Henry Mapleson, the well-known Operatic Impresario, writes from Paris: "It may interest you to know that Bishop's Valerettes have completely cured me of the Gout and Rheumatism from which I have suffered for so many years. I had previously tried an endless number of so-called remedies without any satisfactory result, when a friend recommended me to try Bishop's Valerettes, and the result has been nothing short of marvellous, all aches and pains having disappeared. What is also extraordinary is that the Valerettes have also cured my dyspepsia. I send you this unsolicited testimonial out of pure gratitude, and you can make any use you please of it."

BISHOP'S VALERETTES (REGD.)

Are supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores in vials 1s., 2s., and in boxes containing 25 days' treatment for 5s.; or direct by Alfred Bishop (limited), Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, for 1s., 1d., 2d., 1d., or 5s., 2d., 1d., sent, within the United Kingdom. A leaflet on diet, etc., in uric acid troubles is enclosed with each vial.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at the Epsom stables.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating gipsy widow, the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was night.

The last reveler had left the Downs or laid him down to sleep where he had fallen on gentle Mother Earth—the turf his pillow, the stars his roof.

Silent were the trumpets, the organs, the concertinas, and the tambourines; silent the voice of bookmaker, showman, and tipster. Silent all humanity. Here and there on the great hill a light flickered, a wreath of smoke curled upward with a yellow flame; here and there, against the stars, the form of a horse was silhouetted darkly, or a booth or tent raised itself like a big ghost against the blue sky.

Nature held sway once again. In the distant young cornfields a cormorant croaked loudly. Down in the valley a lone, rest nightingale poured passionate song into the still air, and received no reply.

Derby Day had come and gone; the great Titanic struggle of brain and muscle had been fought out on the famous Downs, and now, beneath the twinkling stars, perhaps the ghosts of the Great Dead horses ran the races again in the un-

(Continued on page 11)

CONCERT AGENT DEAD.



Mr. N. Vert, the well-known concert agent, died at Hampstead on Saturday at the age of 60. He had introduced many popular singers and instrumentalists to the public.

GIRL RIFLE-SHOT.



Miss M. E. Foster, of Camberley, who has proved herself a remarkably good shot with the rifle, although she is only eleven years of age.

HOUSES COLLAPSE IN HOLLOWAY.



Several people had the narrowest of escapes from death when the copings and part of the walls of the six houses shown in the photograph suddenly collapsed and fell into the street at Grove-road, Holloway.

TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION IN THE STRAND.



The crowd waiting to go in to one of the meetings at the new temporary buildings erected in the Strand for the Torrey-Alexander mission.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

know I didn't do it. I've broken your heart, too, Lyn. You've loved the colt so much—and you trusted me, he trusted me, you all trusted me, and I've failed you. If only I'd been killed—

"Hush, Arthur; the race is nothing—nothing. You did your best."

"Yes; that's it, I did my best. You believe that, tell me you'll always believe that."

"I know it, Arthur; we all know it. Everyone knows it."

"Thank God," he muttered. "But perhaps, one day, someone will tell you. If they do, it's a lie. I swear it isn't true, Lyn. Just now I heard them telling you," he cried excitedly. "All the birds woke up and began to chatter—chatter, and there was one big blackbird, and he chattered the loudest, and he told me—my head, it's spinning round and round. Dolores, I love you; I would have done it for you, but I didn't, and it made no difference. I've lost after all, lost everything. Is Dolores there, Lyndal?"

Lyndal's voice broke at last; the strain was more than she could bear; and her tears fell on the pale face she bent over as she replied:

"No, she's not here now; to-morrow I'll bring her to you."

"You'll bring her to me to-morrow—to-morrow," Merrick laughed hysterically. "To-morrow! It'll be too late—he'll have her then—Hilary! She's waiting for me now, waiting for me. . . . Won't anyone tell her that I can't come—can't get over the rails, those cursed rails?"

"Where is she waiting? Tell me and I'll send to her to-morrow morning," Lyndal whispered. "I will tell her that I can't come, why you couldn't go to her."

"Tell her what has happened," he repeated dreamily; "what we decided should happen, what I swore should not happen. . . . Don't leave me, Lyn—don't leave me till it's light again!"

But it was already daylight, the short summer

night had passed away, and grey dawn peeped over the horizon. And Arthur Merrick slept. Now and then he muttered to himself, whispered strange things that frightened the watcher by his side. Of course, she knew that what he said was only the wild ramblings of a disordered brain, without reason or sense. But perhaps because she was over-tired, because her nerves were racked and aching, she felt frightened, felt as if she herself were going through some horrible nightmare from which she prayed she would awaken.

She was grateful when she heard the household awake, the whinnying of the horses in the stables, and the clatter of the men's heavy boots on the tessellated pavement. Soon after six o'clock Marvis came and released her, and insisted on her going to bed.

"You haven't slept, dad," she whispered as she kissed his face, and saw how tired and troubled his eyes looked.

"Oh, yes, I slept," he smiled. "Slept beautifully. I feel a brute for allowing you to sit up all night. Run away at once, dearie."

"Good night, or, rather, good morning, dad. Try and cheer up. Perhaps next year—"

"Hush," said the old man sternly. "Hush." He beckoned Lyndal closer. "If—if old Billy takes it into his head to talk, don't listen to him—tell him you don't wish to hear what he's got to say."

"I don't understand," Lyndal said slowly. Marvis looked at the sleeping figure on the bed.

"Billy was always against his riding the colt," he stammered under his breath, "and, of course, now—he—says—in fact, my girl, poor old Billy is hit the hardest of us all—he's off his head—he's saying wild, wicked things. I've—I've had to tell him if he don't keep quiet—I'll kick him out—kick him out."

Joe Marvis turned away and walked to the window, and Lyndal followed him—but she saw his face as he reached his side, and, turning quickly, she left the room without speaking another word.

For down the trainer's rugged, sunburnt cheek she had seen a tear falling. Tears are legitimate in

a woman, her lawful signal of distress; in a man they are unpardonable—or else too terrible to permit of sympathy.

Slowly Lyndal undressed, letting her clothes lie where they fell; she climbed into her bed like a tired, frightened child, closing her eyes and pulling the sheet over her head as if to shut out all sound, all light, all thought.

What terrible things had Billy been saying? What things could he say terrible enough to rouse Marvis to threaten to dismiss him?

The same terrible things that Arthur had murmured in his troubled sleep?

Lyndal pulled the bedclothes closer around her head. She heard the birds that Merrick had heard in his sleep chattering—chattering—chattering.

And there was one big blackbird that chattered louder than the rest. She knew him well, he always sang each morning in the fir tree opposite her bedroom. Only now instead of singing he croaked, croaked of evil—like Billy the stable lad.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

All day long Arthur had lain like a log in his bed; he was conscious of all that happened, he was no longer delicious or irresponsible. He knew all that was taking place, he remembered all that had taken place. He just lay still and quiet, with his eyes wide open, fixed on space; he would not speak, save to murmur "Yes" or "No"—it seemed as if he could not. He refused to eat unless Lyndal sat by his side and forced him to partake of some nourishment.

"I'm all right," he said when he heard Marvis decide to send for the doctor again. "I'm all right; I only want to be quiet—to think."

And that was all he would say.

Lyndal was with him all the afternoon and evening; she talked, pretending that she did not notice his silence; she read to him until her eyes ached. She used all a woman's tact and art and sympathy to try and divert his mind from the groove she knew it was running in, but apparently in vain.

(Continued on page 13.)

EIFFEL TOWER

You can neither make nor buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, so convenient, so inexpensive.

LEMONADE

2 GALLONS FOR 4½

ALSO USE EIFFEL TOWER JELLIES

WHY LIVE?

A life of worry only to pay your tailor fabulous profits, when we, with our Productive Facilities, are able to clothe you for little more than Nothing a Year. Your Tailor charges you £3 8s. for a Suit which we can make specially for you at 21s.

Why Waste Money?

Trotters to measure at 6s. Superfine Quality Suits to measure at 27/6. Write for Free Patterns of our famous Cloths, which we will send together with tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions how to measure yourself, none of which need be returned. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

CURZON BROS.,
World's Measure Tailors,
(Dept.) 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury,
155 London, E.C. Established 1890.

For Diabetes, Rheumatism and Gout

G.B. DIABETES WHISKY

49/- per doz. Carriage Paid.

GEORGE BACK (6), 13, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, LONDON.

A CITY'S DARK SIDE

Every city has its dark side—its SUFFERING.

In twelve leading cities of Britain there are over 84 million people. One person out of every ten suffers from some form of indigestion, constipation or liver disorder! Think what a terrible total of suffering this means!

Think also that there is not a single chemist in any of these cities who is not selling Page Woodcock's Pills daily, thus bringing health and happiness to thousands of former sufferers.

Are YOU ailing? If so, why not prove this great remedy?

Mrs. Quinn of 11, Salisbury Road, Gillingham, writes:—"My husband suffered so much from indigestion, wind and pain in the bowels by the wind, that he had to nearly faint away. He could not lie down, as had was the pain. At last he tried Page Woodcock's Pills, and after a short course was restored again to health. He is now as strong as ever he was."

Page Woodcock's Pills are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/4 or 2/6 per box.

Page Woodcock's Pills

DRESS IN WHICH THE ROYAL BRIDE APPEARS TO-NIGHT AT THE OPERA, BERLIN.

THE BRIDE IN THE KITCHEN.

A JUNE WEDDING RECEPTION AND THE MENU FOR IT.

In my early housekeeping days, to undertake the entire arrangements for a wedding seemed to me a tremendous and intensely interesting responsibility.

My husband's cousin, Gwendoline Shaw, being an orphan, we volunteered for the wedding to take place from our house. It was to be a quiet affair, with just light refreshments for the wedding tea, which now supersedes the breakfast.

I remarked to Martin (who was simply in her glory) that the former meant such a saving over the more elaborate entertainment, but she expressed doubts on the matter, as more guests are usually invited, and I think she was not far wrong.

We decided to have the refreshments served from a buffet, as this would take up less room than small tables, and we arranged with a good firm of caterers to supply everything required in the way of glass, plate, linen, etc., as my own supplies were too limited to be worth using. They also provided attendants, so that my own maids were free for other duties.

The following was the menu we drew up:—

MENU.		
Smoked Salmon.	Sandwiches.	Poie Gras.
Egg and Cress.	Wedding Cake.	Savoury Cream.
Petits Fours.	Berlin Biscuits.	
Pineapple Cake.		
Fruit Salad.		
Strawberries and Cream.		
Lemon Water Ice.	Strawberry Cream Ice.	
Iced Coffee.		
Tea.	Coffee.	
Claret Cup.		

SOME OF THE RECIPES.

FOIS GRAS SANDWICHES.

INGREDIENTS:—A small cucumber, a tin of pâté de foie gras, slices of bread and butter.

Peel the cucumber and cut it into thin slices. Stamp the bread-and-butter into rounds the size of the cucumber slices. Remove the butter from the top of the pâté de foie gras and cut it into rounds to match the cucumber. Lay a slice of cucumber on a round of bread, season it with pepper and salt. Next put on a slice of foie gras, then a slice of cucumber, and lastly a round of bread and butter. Press them gently together, and if necessary trim the edges. Pile them up on a pretty lace paper, and garnish them with a sprig of parsley.

ICED COFFEE.

INGREDIENTS:—Four large tablespoonfuls of good coffee, five or six tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, ice, one quart of boiling water.

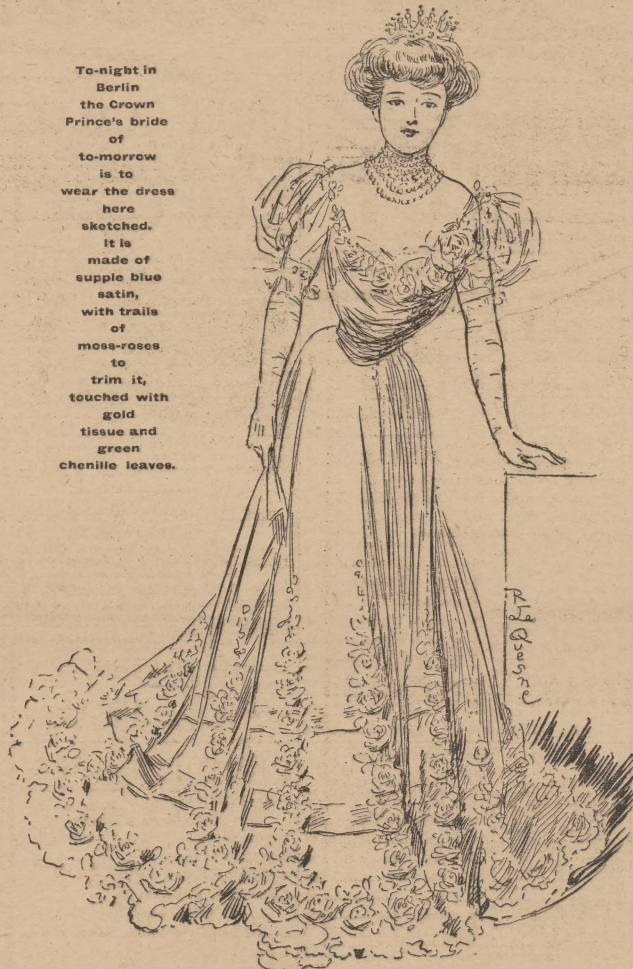
Put the coffee in a jug with a few grains of salt, pour on it the boiling water, cover the jug, and let it stand at the side of the fire for ten minutes. Next

clear it by pouring a few cupfuls backwards and forwards. Let it settle for ten minutes, then strain it through a piece of fine muslin. Add to it the sugar, milk, and cream, or, if more convenient, leave out the cream and use double the quantity of milk. Place the jug on ice, packing the ice well

round it. Leave it, if possible, for five or six hours. Before serving put a few small pieces of ice in the coffee.

Next week I hope to give you the recipe for the wedding-cake which Martin made.

To-night in
Berlin
the Crown
Prince's bride
of
to-morrow
is to
wear the dress
here
sketched.
It is
made of
supple blue
satin,
with trails
of
moss-roses
to
trim it,
touched with
gold
tissue and
green
chenille leaves.



LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

At length, in desperation, she mentioned Delores's name; the fixed, expressionless eyes moved then, and glanced at her distrustfully, and his lips parted in a sort of smile.

"She has gone over the rails, also," he said slowly.

When the shadows lengthened across the lawn Lyndal stole to the stables for the first time since the fatal day of failure; she chose the hour when she felt sure of being alone, unseen.

King Daffodil stood in his box, a king de-throned; directly the outer door opened he heard and recognised her step, and he neighed a loud welcome. A curious thrill shook Lyndal from head to foot; she felt as if she were visiting a human being, a loved one—even her lover. She crept quickly and quietly into the colt's box and put her arms around the soft silky neck and her face close to the nostrils soft as velvet.

"Darling, I could not come before—dear old boy—poor old boy."

The horse stood quite motionless; he did not even rub his nose against her face or pretend that he expected the rarely given odd desired lump of sugar.

He knew why she had come, he knew what she was saying to him; he knew, he understood, and he tried to tell her, as a brave gentleman should, that it didn't matter—that it was entirely his fault, not poor old Merrick's.

"I was a young excited fool," he said. "Blame me, not Merrick."

"Poor King, poor old boy."

"Next time will do better."

Ah! but there'd never be a next time for you, brave beast, gentler and kinder and wiser than many a man.

There is only one Derby in a horse's life, only one love in a woman's. That thought flashed through Lyndal's heart, perhaps, for she whispered softly to herself rather than to King Daffodil:—

"We've both been unlucky, King—both missed the winning post—so we'll stick together, firmer friends than ever—you and I."

The colt started back nervously. Someone else had entered the stables; but when he saw who it was he pricked his ears and pushed his head under Lyndal's arm again.

Billy stood beside them, looking steadily at Lyndal with his one sad eye. He waited as if expecting her to speak, she tried to say something, but failed.

"Well—what do you think of it?" the old man said at last.

There was a change in his voice since Lyndal had last heard it; a change in his face, too, she thought. It was the face of Billy, the broken-down tout, whom Joe Marvis had pulled out of a watery grave years ago.

"What do you think of it," he repeated gruffly. "It's the fortune of war, Billy," she answered softly.

"The fortune of war," he roared ferociously—then he suddenly stretched out a shaking hand and stroked the horse's neck, touched Lyndal's hand, and for a few seconds he snivelled miserably, helplessly.

"Look at 'im," he grunted presently. "Look at 'im; he'd won his race, he'd won his race, I'm telling you, at the cursed corner. He was just diddling home, playing with 'em, when—when" his voice became choked with rage and sobs—"when he was pulled over the rails—pulled over the rails, I say. He never meant to win—and the whole world shall know it."

"Billy!"

Lyndal's voice rose above the old man's defiant shriek, and he stopped short, cowered an instant

before her, then bristling up, continued defiantly: "Cause you love him you won't believe it, but it's Gawd's truth; so help me it is."

"Billy!"

If his voice penetrated to that room on the near side of the house, if it penetrated the ears of the broken apathetic figure lying there alone!

"It's no use telling me I'm mad—it's only me as is sane. I saw it all—saw them in the paddock—heard them whispering. I tried to stop it. And he was winning in a canter—playing with 'em—till Mr. Merrick pulled his head off—pulled 'im over the rails. Curse him, curse him!"

"Billy, you're mad. Silence at once! D'you hear?"

"I can't—I won't keep silent. I've been a wrong 'un 'alf my life, but I never wronged a horse or a woman, so help me, never a horse anyway; and ne—ne riding his own colt as we bred and trained and loved. It's murder, and he shall hang for it. Yes, Mr. Marvis will kick me out for this, but I don't care. Kick me out—kill me—I don't want to live, not now. He's broken my heart, his Mr. Merrick; he's broken your heart, missy, and Mr. Marvis's, too. Curse him for a thief—a welsher—curse him!"

The stable door swung back with a crash, and Arthur Merrick stood before them. He was wrapped in his long greatcoat, he had torn the bandages from his face and shoulder, and the great wounds gaped red; his face was ashen, his eyes white fire.

"Say that again, you lying scoundrel," he whispered between his clenched teeth. "Repeat that lie, and I'll thrash the life out of your worthless body where you stand. For it's a lie—a damnable lie. D'you understand?"

"It's the truth," the old man said slowly, his voice deathly. "It's Gawd's truth, and you knows it, and the woman you did it for knows it, too!"

(To be continued.)

Feather Boas

THE LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON.

As Sketch
10/6



SENT ON
APPROVAL.

Coque Feather Boas.

fine quality, full feather. PRICE
In White and Grey only ... 10/6
In White and Black ... 12/6
In Chinchilla, Brown, and White ... 17/6

As Sketch
49/6



SENT
ON
APPROVAL.

Ostrich Feather Boas, made from selected feather, in white, black, natural and white, black and white, and grey and white. The better qualities in all light colours, also ombre effects.

56 inches long ... 10/6
58 " " " ... 16/6
68 " " " ... 21/-
80 " " " ... 29/6
80 " " " ... 42/-
80 " " " ... 65/-

Extra rich qualities 84/- to 20 Gas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

The winner was Lord Castlecreagh who beat the home club at the MacMaries, the latter winning by 5 goals to 1. Tiverton beat the Tigers by 6 goals to 5, whilst the Gardeners defeated the Beavers by 4 goals to 3.

At Hurlingham the final of the Social Club's Tournament had to be postponed owing to the illness of two players. The match between Hurlingham and Tiverton Moonlighters was won by the latter by 8 goals to 3.

Amongst those taking part in the four matches were Roehampton were Lord Castlecreagh, Lord Ingestre, Lord Lovat, Lord Herbert, Lord Grosvenor, and the Hon. Mrs. Glynne. At Hurlingham the former, after being beaten at half-time, winning by 6 goals to 3.

CLOTHING

WEEKLY

shopkeepers' prices;
no measure below

men's business suits from 27/8; boys' 10/2; ladies' jackets, mantles, and tail-coats costumes from 25; cycle suits from 16/9; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; raincoats and new American self-measurement forms sent free on objectionable inquiries, on ok delivery.

Write Dept. 324, A. THOMAS, 317, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

PLAYER'S
 Medium Navy Cut
CIGARETTES

PLAYER'S
 NAVY CUT

27/6

Suit

FOR

20/11

Great Holiday Offer

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" have a golden opportunity for the next 14 days of obtaining one of our West End cut suits, to measure, in blue Serges, Cashmires, or Tweeds, for **20/11**. We have no hesitation in saying that these suits are unbeaten elsewhere at 35/. Further holiday bargains in Holiday Flannel Suits at **20/11**, Sing Suits (Jackets and knickers) **15/11**, all to measure. Patterns and particulars are sent post free.—D. M. THOMPSON BROS., Ltd., 3, Oxford Street, W., and, 84, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.



SUITS 2/6 Weekly.

T. RUSSELL & CO., the only really HIGH-CLASS TAILORS conducting business on the deferred payment system, are supplying fashionably tailored, perfectly-fitting suits on payment of 5s. deposit (2s. 6d. the 2 allowed for Cash). Ladies' costumes on same terms. We employ West-End cutters only. Would intending customers please write or call and inspect our choice selection of newest designs?

FROM **35/-** MADE TO ORDER. **T. RUSSELL & CO.,**
All Transactions Confidential. 137, Fenchurch Street & 58, Cheapside, E.C. (Corner of Bow Lane).

SENSIBLE FURNISHING

There are Two Ways of Furnishing
CASH or CREDIT.

We do both. When you call on us we show you our stock and tell you our price, which is cheaper than the Largest Cash Store. We don't know whether you will buy or not—-you decide this for yourself. If you prefer to pay cash, we will give you a 10% discount. If you prefer credit, we send the goods home free WITHOUT DEPOSITS OR SECURITY.

TELEPHONE	100	100	100
50 worth 24 month.	\$50	30 worth 12. want	10
100	24.	50	204.
\$20	24.	\$100	400.

Our Furniture will stand on end of Hard Wear. ALL GOODS DELIVERED IN L.A. & S. FREE. STRICT PRIVACY GUARANTEED. Coloured Type Catalogue Gratis.

Any Goods Sent Carriage Paid

On Approval Willingly.

A few doors north of Mulberry 1000 N. 1st St.

Telephone 4114. H. B. B. B.

GRESHAM
FURNISHING CO.,
51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

DON'T LOOK OLD!
KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.
LOCKYER'S SULPHUR
HAIR RESTORER.
DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

H. J. S.

Estab.
1857.

SUITS, &c., TO MEASURE

Only, on "THE TIMES" Plan
of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

To still further extend our already large Cash Tailoring business, we have completed arrangements whereby we are now prepared to accept orders on the above conditions. No obnoxious terms or Subscriptions to be paid at our office or by post only. Gentleman who appreciate well-cut and well-finished garments should certainly give us a call, or samples of choice materials and full particulars will be forwarded on receipt of a card to **H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., 82, Cheap-side, E.C. 4. First Floor, Phone 5443 Central.**

Mackintosh's
TOFFEE.
Takes Well Everywhere.

**STAR
FURNISHING CO**

DALSTON : 49 and 51, Ball's Pond-road.
HIGHBURY : 27, Upper-street.
CAMDEN TOWN : 48, High-street.
HOLLOWAY : 142, Seven Sisters-road.
STORE NEWINGTON-R.D. 171, 173, 175
(opposite West Hackney Church).
HARRINGAY : 3, Grand Parade, next Salisbury
Hotel.
TOTTENHAM : 758, High-road, near Hotsputts'
ground.
ENFIELD TOWN : 2, Palace Parade.
WALTHAMSTOW : 253, 257, 259, High-street, Hoe-st.
PECKHAM : 166, Rye-lane (next Public Hall)

FURNITURE ON EASY TERMS.

Every Description. New and Second Hand.
ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED from 4/- per month.
No security required. Delivered Free.

BED-SITTING ROOM
FURNISHED for **£5**

AN 8-ROOMED HOUSE
FURNISHED for **£50**

Send for our illustrated catalogue and copies of
thousands of testimonials.

10 per Cent. Discount for Cash.

STAR FURNISHING CO.

Established 1879

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

115 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. London.
and Bedford-st. Chancery Lane, W.C.

Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds,
Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.

Assets. £694,403. Liabilities. £372,291. Surplus.
£322,112. Dividend. 5 per cent. on current account
balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under-
subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per an-
nuum.

12 7

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly
on the Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent. and are
as safe as the Bank of England.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

GAMAGES

THE 2 SPEED Favourite

TRUMP CARD

£7.10. BEATS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING
WITH TWO SPEED HUB PANIC PRICES NOT
WITHSTANDING.

£5.10. FREE WHEEL
TWO BRAKES

BACKED BY OUR BIG REPUTATION OF 25 YEARS STANDING.

Full List of Cycles and Accessories

Lamps Tyres
Bells Handles
Horns Toe Clips
Pumps Saddles
Brakes

BACK CARRIERS. REPAIR OUTFITS.
A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, E.C.

RHEUMATISM !!

"VERITAS." "VERITAS." "VERITAS."



We want to convince every reader of this paper that the "VERITAS" Galvanic Ring positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NEUROSITIS, NEURALGIC INSOMNIA, and many bodily ailments. Worn by Royalty and recommended by the Medical Profession, These rings contain specially prepared metals with zinc and copper coils, forming a complete battery, and draw all the poisonous urea acids crystals from the system. In order to make these rings more widely known, we are giving a quantity away. Send stamp for copy of testimonials, lists, size card, and particulars of our free offer to:

THE BRITISH RING SYNDICATE (Dept. 3),
86, New Street, Birmingham.

Mr. W. B. Hearden, Editor of the "Gentleman's Journal."

I have had the ring you sent me practically tested, with most satisfactory results. It gave it to my mother, who is 70 years of age, and who suffered some time from rheumatism. To use her own words, she is now as right as a trivet."

We have thousands of testimonials similar to this:

[illegible]

